

Florida

AIR BOATING FOR BASS
WRITER'S HOLIDAY

Fishing • Hunting
• Conservation •

WILDLIFE

FEBRUARY, 1961

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENTS



Wallace
Hughes
1961



FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S FISHING CITATION

is available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the fresh-water game fish of the prescribed species and size requirements. Citation, showing recorded date of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of the following application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE _____ Date _____
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name _____ Address _____

Species of Fish _____ Weight _____ Length _____

Type of Tackle, Bait Used _____

Where Caught _____ Date _____

Catch Witnessed by _____

Registered, Weighed by _____ at _____

(Signature of Applicant)

FOR THAT
BIG ONE
THAT
DIDN'T
GET AWAY

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS

_____ 8 pounds or larger

CHAIN PICKEREL

_____ 4 pounds or larger

BLUEGILL (BREAM)

_____ 1 1/2 pounds or larger

SHELLCRACKER

_____ 2 pounds or larger

BLACK CRAPPIE

_____ 2 pounds or larger

RED BREAST

_____ 1 pound or larger

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fly, spinning, or bait-casting tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

★
Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

★
**Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, and Protection of Our Game and Fish**

★
BILL HANSEN, Editor

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In This Issue

Wildlife Is Wealth	Jim Reed	11
Along The Edge	Charles Waterman	14
Writer's Holiday	Edmund McLaurin	18
Air Boating For Bass	Max Hunn	22
Choctawhatchee Watershed	Keith Byrd	25
Grunt 'Em Up	Maurice Naggjar	29
Management For Mallards	Jim Floyd	30

Departments

Game Management Notes	4	Wildlife Balance Wheel	10
Florida Club News	5	Dog Chatter	35
Fishing	6	Camping & Cooking	36
Muzzle Flashes	8	Boating	39
Test and Tells	41		

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GAME MANAGEMENT NOTES

BY
E. B.
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MANAGEMENT AREAS AND research activities in north Florida were given a thorough inspection by the Branch of Federal Aid, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, in mid-December. Such inspections, made about once a year, are an integral part of the Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration program, under which the majority of Florida's wildlife management work is carried out. Funds collected from a federal excise tax on sporting arms and ammunition are allocated to the States on the basis of area and number of paid license holders. In order to participate in the program, a state must spend all of its income on fish and game work, must match each \$3.00 of federal funds with \$1.00 of state money, must employ qualified personnel, and must execute its program in a satisfactory manner. The periodic inspections, such as that recently completed in north Florida, assure compliance with approved standards and conformance to existing work plans and budgets. They represent a very real insurance to the public that the Commission's game management program is sound and productive. Should any project prove unsatisfactory in any way, federal funds for that project are withheld.

Several members of the Game Management Division in mid-November assisted the U. S. Forest Service with a field trip and lectures in connection with site preparation work on the Apalachicola National Forest. This particular program has gained nationwide recognition, and the occasion for this demonstration was a gathering of about 40 Forest Service supervisors and staff members from all regions of the country. Interest in this type of work is extremely high because of current problems in maintaining

high timber production, good wildlife populations, and attractive recreational opportunities on the same lands at the same time. More and more it becomes necessary to effectively provide for several land uses simultaneously as demands for outdoor recreation increase. Site preparation work on the Apalachicola, as developed jointly by the U. S. Forest Service and the Game Management Division, takes into account the needs of both timber and wildlife production.

Essentially, this program provides for leaving one-third of each planting area in native vegetation while two-thirds are cleared and planted to pines. These uncleared lands, covered mainly with small oaks, are generally in the form of strips five chains in width located between clearings 10 chains wide. The wildlife strips are further improved by release cuttings of oaks to increase mast production and partial cutting with heavy drum choppers to in-

crease browse. Such a cooperative effort represents a real achievement in good land management and assured continuation of good wildlife populations along with greatly improved timber and pulp production.

Another cooperative program being participated in by members of the Game Management Division is the preparation of a comprehensive publication on deer browse plants of the Southeast. Sponsored by the Southeastern Section of The Wildlife Society and prepared by the U. S. Forest Service, this book will compile and present complete information and original photographs of all important deer browse plants in the Southeast. It will be extremely valuable to the wildlife manager since it will discuss growth requirements and management of the individual plant species as well as the more usual presentations on identification and use.

Without doubt the armadillo is one of the most controversial of Florida's wildlife species. Since its introduction, inadvertently or otherwise, into Brevard County it has spread over perhaps a third of the state and is found through most of the central counties. Because of its relative abundance and the great

(Continued on Page 38)

EDITORIAL STAFF CHANGES ANNOUNCED

STARTING WITH THIS ISSUE, the regular monthly *Fishing* department will be authored by Charles Waterman. Effective with the December 1960 issue, Chuck Schilling's resignation as Angling Editor was reluctantly accepted, after more than seven years of close and popular association.

The steady flow of mail concerning Mr. Schilling's decision to vacate the position of angling editor has proven Chuck's international popularity through his authoritative columns and feature articles on sports fishing.

Although he has resigned as monthly editor of *Fishing* Chuck

Schilling is still an important member of FLORIDA WILDLIFE's family of editorial contributors, and will continue to prepare articles and special feature assignments about Florida's fine fishing.

Charles Waterman, the new *Fishing* department editor, is no stranger to FLORIDA WILDLIFE readers. He has been a steady contributor of outdoor articles to this magazine, plus numerous other hunting and fishing publications. He has long been an angling partner of Chuck Schilling, and each has often used the other as subjects for their specialized angling articles. ●

CLUB NEWS

(This is the twelfth in a series of reports on the operation of sportsmen's clubs)

UNFORTUNATELY THERE TEND to be two kinds of Florida sportsmen's clubs: Cracker clubs and Yankee clubs.

This division is generally deliberate. A group of new Florida residents move into a new housing development, find themselves somewhat separated from other population centers and start their own community. They have their own churches, their own stores, and why not their own sportsman's club? That's fine—but it's a Yankee club and it urgently needs contact with other clubs—or it needs the influence of a few old residents.

On the other hand, a club is organized in an old residential community where there is a distinct line between local business and tourism. There is a feeling that all tourists are outsiders and that spreads to include all new residents. So we have a Cracker club that chuckles a little at the antics of the "Yankees," even while the "Yankee club" is poking a little fun at the set ways of the cracker folks.

Sometimes there even appears a third kind of club of in-betweeners who call the old residents "Crackers" and the new residents "Yankees." Perhaps this kind of a club has some advantages over the other two. Its members have been here long enough to see the native side and came recently enough they haven't forgotten their native states.

If you aren't careful, when you have a district or state meeting, these people are apt to sit in different parts of the room. We need them

all and the club that manages to mix a few old residents with a few newcomers is a valuable one indeed.

Most new residents come from states that have been through almost complete depletion of their fish and game resources. As a consequence, they are more apprehensive concerning Florida resources and are often more receptive to the latest methods of game and fish management. They have seen it disappear and then return through scientific methods and they're apt to be progressive.

Having lived in communities where fish and game was allotted to great crowds of carefully catalogued sportsmen, they are fully appreciative of Florida's hunting and fishing freedom.

Their great fault is that they are inclined to preach the methods that have worked "back home" under different conditions and with different people. They rub the old residents the wrong way when they tell "how we did it in New Jersey"—or Michigan or Missouri.

Socially, they may appear a little withdrawn because they are choosing Florida friends with care.

The Crackers know what Florida hunting and fishing is like. They know what parts of the scene they want to retain as they are and what they want to change. They know the conditions.

Their main fault is in the attitude that the fish and game of the state is theirs and that the newcomers are, in a sense, stealing from them. They have a tendency to be selfish about the state's resources. They do not want to see a crowd of hunters or fishermen in a spot they used to have all to themselves.

Among the old timers are land owners who have had plenty of troubles with careless hunters and law-breakers. They often post their property to keep the "Yankees" out.

It is not all good and not all bad on either side.

The wise club officers who manage to get a few from both categories into their organization try to mix the committee memberships so the newcomers will work with old residents. Both can learn from each other and often do.

Usually the fence can be partly broken down through social affairs and the big party of the year for many clubs is in the nature of a welcoming affair for new residents.

The really enterprising membership chairman may find that there are more applications to be secured from the newcomers than by beating the same old bushes. If the community is fairly small, it will be easy for him to locate new arrivals who are interested in hunting, fishing, or boating.

Often the new resident, having pulled up roots in one community, is anxious to put them down somewhere else and he may be quite eager to join a conservation club.

A little bit of first-hand hunting or fishing dope to the new resident may make him a club member as well as a personal friend. The membership committee can well be made into a sort of conservation "Welcome Wagon."

The old timers haven't seen anything yet. If the influx into Florida continues there will some time be real crowding—something the Florida sportsman has never seen. That means there will be more sportsmen's clubs needed—and they'll have to include both Yankees and Crackers.

Hunter Safety Education

A long stride in the field of hunter safety education was taken by Southwest Miami High School with the decision to conduct compulsory hunter safety classes for the entire

(Continued on Page 38)

THE COVER—The 1960-61 hunting season has ended in Florida except for Quail and Squirrel, which remain legal game through February 12. Squirrel hunters are allowed two Fox Squirrel (cover) per day, and 10 Gray Squirrel.

Cover Painting By Wallace Hughes

FISHING



BY
CHARLES
WATERMAN

THIS IS THE TIME of year for big bass on artificials. It is also the time of year for casting big plugs and the time of year for bass to be on the grass flats.

Water level is critical now and, since you're after big fish you'll have to find the bottom and depth they want. You don't want the water too muddy and you want the eel grass growing just right.

That "just right" status of the eel grass verges almost on superstition with a lot of anglers—myself included. Not all fishermen agree as to the exact condition they like their grass to be in but their views are very similar.

In lures, I favor three types. First, the skirted, spinner-type weedless bait such as the Hawaiian Wiggler with or without porkrind; second, the underwater torpedo type such as the Orlando Shiner—cigar-shaped with spinners fore and aft; third, a surface lure with spinners such as the Porter Spindle. Note there are spinners on all of these choices. I think glitter and flash are generally helpful for this kind of fishing.

There are other makes in these general types that work. I have simply given illustrations. I believe you can get your share with these three lures in two or three colors. All of them can be used with spinning tackle if it is heavy and the rod is stiff, but I believe you'll be happier with a five or 6-foot bait-casting rod and a good, fast casting reel.

Weedless wobbling spoons (the Johnson is an outstanding example) are popular for this fishing but I would have to place them in fourth place, myself, even though the torpedoes are always snagging up. I'm speaking now of pure grass flat fishing.

The "wigglers" can be reeled rapidly until they splutter a little on the surface and then allowed to sink

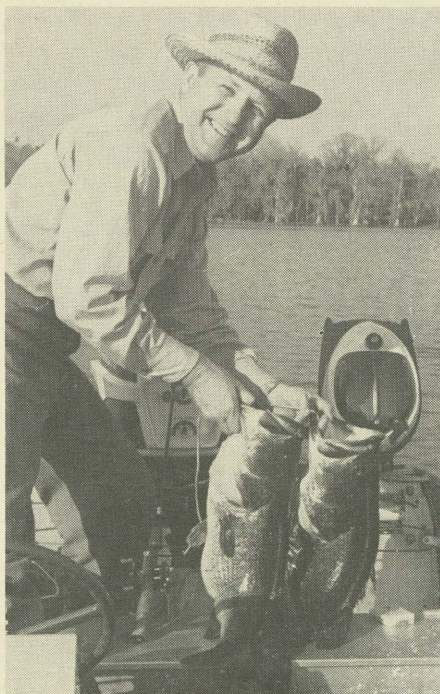
deeply into the open pockets; then cranked back to the surface to cross the next grass patch.

The "torpedoes" should be worked so they barely cause a trace of wake on the surface. They are hard work because they get hung up a lot. I firmly believe in this little thread of surface wake. It has produced too many times to be taken lightly.

The surface plug should be worked slowly on calm days and more briskly when there is wind disturbance. On very windy days, I have caught fish by yanking a surface Mirrorlure from one wave to the next.

I would never give up on any grass fishing expedition until I had tried all three of the lure types described.

Grass flat fish are in shallow water and hence easily spooked. If oars or paddle are used, they should be operated as quietly as possible. When plastic worms or live bait are used I think the drift method is best. Live bait can be fished through pretty heavy grass if you go slowly enough.



The plastic bottom jobs can be dropped into the open pockets.

You can frequently learn whether fish are on a given flat by moving slowly across the area with your motor running. Generally, the water is shallow enough that they will make visible swirls in getting out of your way. However, sometimes the water is a little too deep for this kind of indication so don't accept it as being positive. Once you see some swirls you'll have to decide for yourself whether they're bass or not.

Drifts should be worked out carefully so that you're not fishing the same water repeatedly and if you see a boat going at high speed across the flats, make a mental note of where it was. Fishing won't be any good there for a while.

If two or three of you are casting from the same boat, give a little attention to the way you're covering the water. If you get careless, you may cast over some spots a dozen times and never touch others that are just as good. If one fellow catches all the fish, it may be that he's getting first chance at all of the water while the others are simply casting where he's already been. The drift can be arranged so the others get some fishing too.

Hasty Words Regretted

An old friend, Art Hutt of Eustis, recently wrote a piece about Lake Apopka's fishing comeback. It appeared in *Field & Stream* and is one of a rash of articles about how the lake has improved since the Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission started a shad-poisoning program there more than three years ago. Everybody is getting into the

Grass flat bass run big this time of year so self-satisfied expressions may be pardoned.

act by saying nice things about Lake Apopka.

I'm glad the big lake is coming back but I hope no one remembers the column I wrote when the management program first started. After interviewing some of the fish people on the scene, I decided the plan was a shot in the dark and possibly a waste of money and effort.

So I wrote a nasty-nice little column, being careful not to come right out with my neck but filling the between-lines space with hints that this big poisoning program was pretty wild business and maybe even a grandstand play. I guess I owe an apology to everyone concerned. Maybe nobody read it anyway.

Saving Face

Being one of the crude old fishermen who don't have windshields and tops on their fishing boats—but being civilized to the point that I often used fairly speedy outboard motors, I found I had a complexion problem. In fact, after running for a hundred miles or so against a brisk wind in a bright sun I sometimes found nearly all of my complexion had been replaced by a large sore spot. Since facing backward proved to be dangerous, I borrowed an idea from the sports car types and got me a plain grinder's mask, a kind of economy imitation of the plastic face shields used by the racing lads. This thing takes up very little space in the boat and enables you to breeze along at top speed in the face of a heavy rain. Besides that, it has a sort of outer space look that really charms the dockside yokels.

Boat Boots

Low canvas sneakers are pretty much standard equipment for those fishing from boats. They have a lot of advantages but in bug country I've gone to something quite different. I wear an old pair of those Wellington boots with loose tops. (Maybe you call them "mosquito boots"). I had non-skid rubber soles put on mine and it seems impossible to wear them out. Before I started wearing them, I sported an itchy



This grinder's mask is a big aid to boatmen who don't have windshields. The user of a completely open fishing craft is protected from blistering wind and painful rain.

red insect band between my sneakers and my pantlegs. Among the advantages are that they slip on and off easily, that a shower does not wet your feet as it does in canvas shoes, that they protect your ankles from anchors and oars and that they're loose enough for good air circulation in hot weather. That wet-foot business has long been a peeve of mine. A quick shower comes up so I put on my foul weather gear and only my canvas-covered feet stick out. The shower passes and I'm nice and dry—except my feet and they're wet the rest of the day. The boots put a stop to that.

Need A Long Boat?

For the fisherman, the measured length of a skiff isn't always what it seems. A 16-footer sometimes has less actual fishing space than a 14-footer of different design.

If the bow of a boat is to be used for casting, there are two reasons why it should not have a long point. The obvious one is that there is less room in a pointed bow. Less often considered is the fact that a sharply-pointed boat is inclined to be tippy when you stand up front. Buyers of

fishing boats would do well to check for some "water support" under the bow.

Fishing room fore and aft is generally much more important than width. Hence, some canny fishing boat builders have been simply extending their shorter models without increasing width—just to please casters.

I cannot go along with the oft-voiced opinion that two casters can't operate from one 14-footer. I've spent many a day with one guy on the oars and a caster fore and aft. With experienced fly-fishermen, a 14-to-16-foot boat is plenty for a double operation. I once counted the tangles that two efficient fly-casters got into on a 3-day trip of casting from the same 15-footer. The total—one.

Temper Tamer

When I start fly-casting from a boat, I generally throw my shooting line in loose coils on the bottom. Among the things I have caught in these coils as I attempted to feed them through the guides are anchors, boat seats, my friend's hats, pliers, rod tips, rod butts, treble-hooked casting lures, tackle-boxes, oar handles and my own feet. Sometimes I make boat bottom catches on as many as four successive casts. Each time I get such a snarl, a cast is ruined, my temper is frayed and valuable fishing time is lost. After a couple of hours, I sometimes resort to the "doily," a piece of light tarpaulin I generally have somewhere in my gear. Once it is spread over the deck, I have a clean and tidy place to throw my loose line—but since it takes about twelve seconds to spread it out, I seldom bother.

Believe me, such a piece of material is a good investment, if simply because it reduces the mortality rate of fly lines.

Ten To One

By the time this is printed, a "Ten to One" society may be going full tilt as an adjunct of Miami's famous Rod and Reel Club. Whether it was ever organized or not, it's an in-

(Continued on Page 42)

MUZZLE FLASHES



BY
EDMUND
MCLAURIN

DESPITE THE FACT THAT I try to give as much basic technical information as possible in my narrative style texts, readers invariably write in asking for specific information. It is a rare incoming mail that doesn't contain at least two or three letters.

Not only does mail come direct and by referral from the editorial offices of FLORIDA WILDLIFE, but contemporary outdoor writers in other subject fields habitually refer gun enthusiasts to me for help or information. In a month, the volume of mail handled on a courtesy basis is considerable. Almost all of the letters ask one or more questions.

The following are typical examples, gleaned from a stack of recent letters and cards:

Question: Can you give me basic information about the new M14 Springfield rifle?

J. C. S.—Tallahassee, Fla.

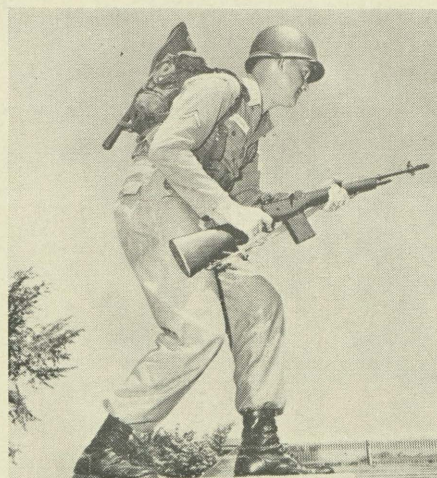
Answer: I believe I can. . . . The M14 Springfield is a clip-magazine loading, fast-firing shoulder weapon, chambered for the 7.62mm NATO (the sporting .308 Winchester) cartridge which will be common to our NATO allies. . . . It replaces four weapons now in official use by the U. S. Army: the M1 rifle, M2 carbine, Browning automatic rifle and the M3A1 sub-machine gun. . . . Winchester received the first M14 production contract awarded a civilian manufacturer, following initial development, with first shipments going to troops of the Strategic Army Corps' 101st Airborne Division, Fort Campbell, Kentucky. . . . Weight of the new rifle is 8.7 pounds; length overall about 44 inches, including a 22 inch barrel rifled with four grooves of right hand twist. Its mechanism is rotating bolt type, gas-operated and has an air-cooled cyclic firing rate capable of 750 r.p.m., although

standard magazine capacity is only 20 rounds. It will fire ball, armor-piercing and tracer style cartridges and can be fitted with bayonet, grenade launcher and flash suppressor.

Question: Of what are clay pigeon targets composed? Do they have any standardized size and weight?

E.C.C.—Daytona Beach, Fla.

Answer: The so-called "clay pigeon" or "clay bird," used in huge quantities by the nation's trapshooters, are composed of a mixture of river silt and pitch. To meet official trap and Skeet shooting tournament specifications, the round discs must not be larger than 4-5/16 inches across and 1-1/8 inches in height. Their individual weight must be within five per cent of 3.5 ounces. Those of Remington manufacture are known as "Blue Rock" clays, while the Western-Winchester clays bear the name "White Flyer." A carton of 135 retails for approximately \$4.00. Buy them locally, because breakage in transit is often terrific for single carton shipments. Wholesale and club outlets don't have that problem, as volume buying means safer transportation.



The new M14 Springfield rifle gives the foot soldier both firepower and accuracy.

Question: This past hunting season I had three chances at running deer, but missed them all. How can I improve my rifle marksmanship for deer hunting?

L.W.D.—Melbourne, Fla.

Answer: First, make sure that your rifle fits you, has the best combination of sights for the job and is otherwise mechanically dependable.

Then, practice on moving targets, preferably an improvised running deer target. The mechanism for activating the target you can make from an old bicycle having 26 inch diameter wheels; the targets you can buy from Stoeger Arms Corp., 45 Court Sq., Long Island City, New York, for about 75c each, with choice of deer running to right or left.

See Page 28 of the September 1960 issue of THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN for making the simple, mechanical target-activator needed.

Question: Who manufactured and marketed the first repeating, pump action shotgun?

V.J.H.—Ocala, Fla.

Answer: Winchester, in 1897. Known as the Winchester Model 97, it was one of the most reliable and popular shotguns ever made. More than a million were made in 12 and 16 gauge from 1897 until 1957, when the model was discontinued. Many old-timers would like to see its manufacture resumed.

Question: Can you give me the inside barrel diameters of 12 and 16 gauge shotguns?

T.B.K.—Fort Myers, Fla.

Answer: I assume you merely want to know the size hole through the barrel, for each gauge, based on standard measurements in general use by shotgun manufacturers.

For a 12 gauge gun the measurement would be .729 of an inch, in-

side diameter; for a 16 gauge, the barrel hole would mike pretty close to .662 of an inch. These measurements should not be confused with choke, or usual constriction of the shotgun barrel at muzzle end, to control the spread of the pellets.

Question: Is there any great saving to be had from reloading shotshells and rifle ammunition compared to purchasing it ready-made?

D.K.F.—Gainesville, Fla.

Answer: Once proper tools have been purchased and amortized financially, the economy of reloading shotshells, rifle and pistol ammunition is considerable.

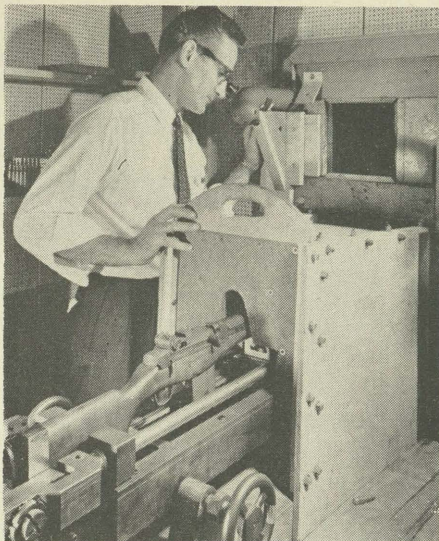
For example, 100 rounds of .30-06 caliber, factory loaded ammunition would cost you approximately \$22.75. You can reload the same number of cases for about \$6.85. . . . A hundred 12 gauge shells purchased in a sporting goods store would be about \$11.40, compared to \$5.17 handloading cost. . . . Similarly, 100 rounds of .38 Spec. pistol cartridges would cost about \$8.80 ready-made, but only about \$3.45 if available empty cases were handloaded. . . . For anyone who shoots a lot, the economy will be considerable in a calendar year.

Another advantage of handloading is that you can use bullet weights and loads pre-tested for safety and performance by various ballisticians, but not made commercially because of limited demand.

Question: Who invented the silencer, and has it ever been successfully used on sporting rifles?

M.L.S.—Valdosta, Ga.

Answer: The silencer was developed by Hiram Percy Maxim and patented in 1909. It worked only on those rifle and pistol calibers that drove bullets below the speed of sound. On rifles of the .30-06 class, and others that drove bullets faster than the speed of sound, it was not successful. Likewise, it never worked well on revolvers because of the gas escape and resulting report from the space between barrel



A production line selection of the Army's new Model 14 Springfield 7.62mm caliber rifle being function fired at the New Haven factory of Winchester, where the rifles are being manufactured on government contract.

and cylinder. Best results were obtained in combination with auto-loading pistols.

Use of silencers is now illegal in this country; consequently, they are no longer manufactured.

Recoil compensators, often seen on sporting weapons, are sometimes mistakenly referred to as "silencers." Actually, they serve an entirely different purpose and give added, rather than decreased, muzzle report.

Question: What is a drilling?

C.V.M.—Orange Lake, Fla.

Answer: A drilling is a combination rifle and shotgun highly popu-

lar in Europe, but only mildly so in this country.

Some of the best drillings bear the identification marks of Austrian and German origin, and are usually hand-crafted in respect to fitting and finishing.

The nearest thing to a drilling produced in America is the Savage Model 24, over-and-under combination rifle and shotgun, caliber .22 rimfire and .410 gauge respectively.

Question: What oils, greases or products do you recommend for safe storage of firearms between seasons?

F.W.G.—Polk City, Fla.

Answer: Unused firearms should be carefully wiped free of all fingerprints, oiled or greased and stored in a dry place, preferably in a gun cabinet.

For long storage, I coat guns with Gard Anti-Rust Spray or a 50-50 mixture of anhydrous lanolin and moisture free vaseline. I have also used the "No Wrap" Plastic Bags and rust inhibiting chemical discs with good results.

Where guns are used at intervals, a heavy grease is inconvenient and messy to remove. For such weapons I use Silicote Gun Spray, Anderoil or (when I can find it) Sheath, formerly marketed by the late Walt Mason.

When I have to remove heavy grease from a gun's mechanism and exterior I use mineral spirits, small brush and a wiping cloth to best advantage. ●

ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR KEY DEER PRESERVATION

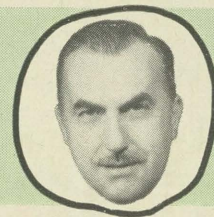
DONATIONS OF 341 acres of land and \$22,400 in funds for the preservation of America's diminutive key deer herd were announced today by Assistant Secretary of the Interior Ross Leffler.

The North American Wildlife Foundation, through its secretary, C. R. Gutermuth, presented the Fish and Wildlife Service with six parcels of land totaling 340.96 acres on Big Pine and Howe Keys in the National Key Deer Refuge, Monroe County, Florida. The foundation also donated the sum of \$17,400 to be used in the

purchase of other lands for the refuge. Congressman Charles E. Bennett of Florida, sponsor of the bill establishing the permanent refuge, has contributed \$5,000 to be used for the acquisition of refuge lands.

National Key Deer Refuge was established February 1, 1954, on 282 acres of leased land. Approximately 72 acres of public land were added later by public land order and 21 acres were purchased from the State of Florida. Leased land, mostly with 90 day cancellation provisions in the contract, brought the total size of the refuge up to 6,738 acres. ●

WILDLIFE BALANCE WHEEL



BY
DENVER
STE. CLAIRE

NOW THAT THE HOLIDAYS are over, we can settle down and attend to the things that must be done. An important announcement at this time is the release of the 1961 summer camp schedule. For all parents who have been writing in since the 1960 camping session, we are pleased, here at the Youth Section headquarters office, to advance the 1961 dates. They are as follows: Girls week, ages 8-12, June 11-17; Girls week, ages 13-16, June 18-24; Boys two weeks, ages 8-12, June 25-July 8; Boys week, ages 8-12, July 9-15; Boys week, ages 8-12, July 16-22; Boys week, ages 13-16, July 23-29; Boys week, ages 8-12, July 30-August 5.

The second important announcement is the dates for National Wildlife Week which is to be held during March 19-25, 1961. The theme for this year will be "Multiple Use—Balanced Conservation Planning for the Future." Saturday, March, 25, of course, will be proclaimed by Governor Farris Bryant as Youth Conservation Day.

Tag Day will also be held on that date. On a Statewide basis, Junior Conservation Clubs will tag the citizens of Florida, reminding them that conservation cannot wait and that now is the time for a balanced conservation planning for the future. All monies collected on this day and during the week will be divided evenly between the local clubs and the State League.

So many things are needed and in need of repair at the Youth Conservation Camp in the Ocala National Forest, the money collected on this day will be put to good use. It also gives our young people the chance to show their appreciation for the many things done for them.

During this month sometime, the Standard Operating Procedure for Tag Day will be sent to all advisors

and counselors both juniors and seniors, so that sufficient time and preparation will be allowed for a successful Tag Day and National Wildlife Week. Last year for the first time, in some areas, we were assisted by the Florida Federation of Garden Clubs women. We understand this year that in some of these areas, assistance will be given to the Youth Conservation Club League of Florida.

The third important announcement comes from our Adult Advisory Council and its chairman, Howard McBride. We are most happy to advise that Mr. Harry Woods, Agricultural Supervisor of the Future Farmers of America in the Department of Education, has accepted an appointment to the Council. Mr. Tom Hearndon of the Forestry Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture has also indicated his interest in becoming part of the Council. Other appointments made by Howard McBride are as follows: Courtney Roberts of the Gainesville Police Department; Ross Stephenson, president of the N. W. Florida Wildlife Association; Joe Saunders with the Soil Conservation Service; Hubert Robertson, president of the Florida Wildlife Federation; and Lou Mussler of the Florida Outdoor Writers' Association.

Tom Ward, president of the Youth Conservation Club League, has named the new delegates and alternates to the League. The delegate for the Bartow Girls Junior Conservation Club is Alice Preston. Her alternate is Jan Luychx. The Bay County All-Girls Junior Conservation Club will be represented by Mary Lee Albritton, delegate, or Ruth McElvey, alternate. The Hialeah Junior Conservation Club will have Matt Fultz as delegate and Dave Schwartz as alternate. The Deane Mather Club of Ocala will

be represented by Jimmy Worley as delegate or Carlton Cooley as alternate.

League News

Although the League Directors in June decided to abandon their bulletin, there is considerable talk about creating a new tabloid sheet to bring the clubs closer together. Tom Ward has been discussing this with other members of the Board.

* * *

The Bartow Girls Junior Conservation Club sponsored a float in the Halloween Festival Parade in Bartow this year.

* * *

The Survival Team of the Deane Mather Club assisted the U. S. Navy in looking for the pilot of the Navy jet after its explosion over the Oklawaha River. They are to be congratulated for their work.

* * *

The Don Carroll Junior Conservation Club has been temporarily suspended until spring.

South Florida Camp

November 20 marked the start of a Fund Drive for our South Florida Camp. Earl Diemer, chairman of the Youth Camp Planning Board, hopes that the Camp will be near enough completion in July to hold a camping session there.

* * *

We have recently received a scale model of the Youth Camp located in South Florida in the J. W. Corbett area. This was prepared for us by the Palm Beach County Girls Junior Conservation Club and their advisors, Ann Diemer and Ruth Wheeler, and our good friend, Earl Diemer.

Youth Conservation Camp— Ocala National Forest

We are in the process of having fifteen original sketches by Wildlife
(Continued on Page 37)

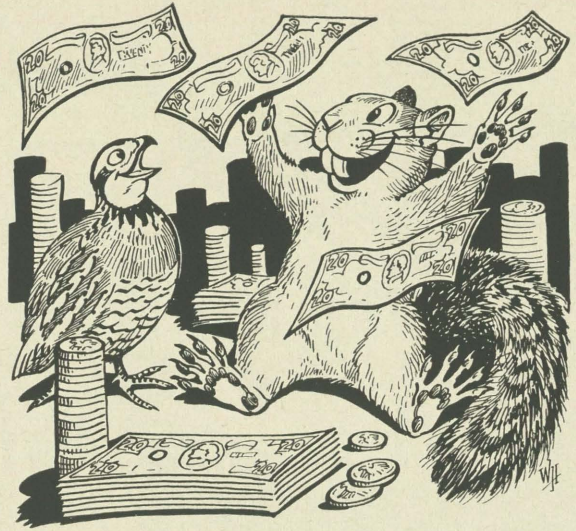
Wildlife Is Wealth

By **JIM REED**

Information Officer
Central Region

WHEN A TYPICAL FLORIDA FAMILY drives out to a nearby lake for a Saturday of fishing, or when a father and son and their dog set out for an afternoon of hunting, they have lots of company. Probably more than the average citizen of any other great modern nation, the average Florida citizen enjoys sport fishing, hunting, and the great outdoors.

Fishing and hunting have always been part of America. When colonists first came to this continent, the fish and game meant the difference between life and death. Then, men fished and hunted to feed their families. Today, long after they have ceased to be the basis of subsistence, fishing and hunting continue as



an important part of our standard of living by providing recreation for thousands of Florida's sportsmen.

What Is Wildlife?

Wildlife is one of our many valuable natural resources. The term "wildlife" includes all species of undomesticated animals born to the wilderness. Included are wild mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, fresh and salt water fish, and invertebrates.

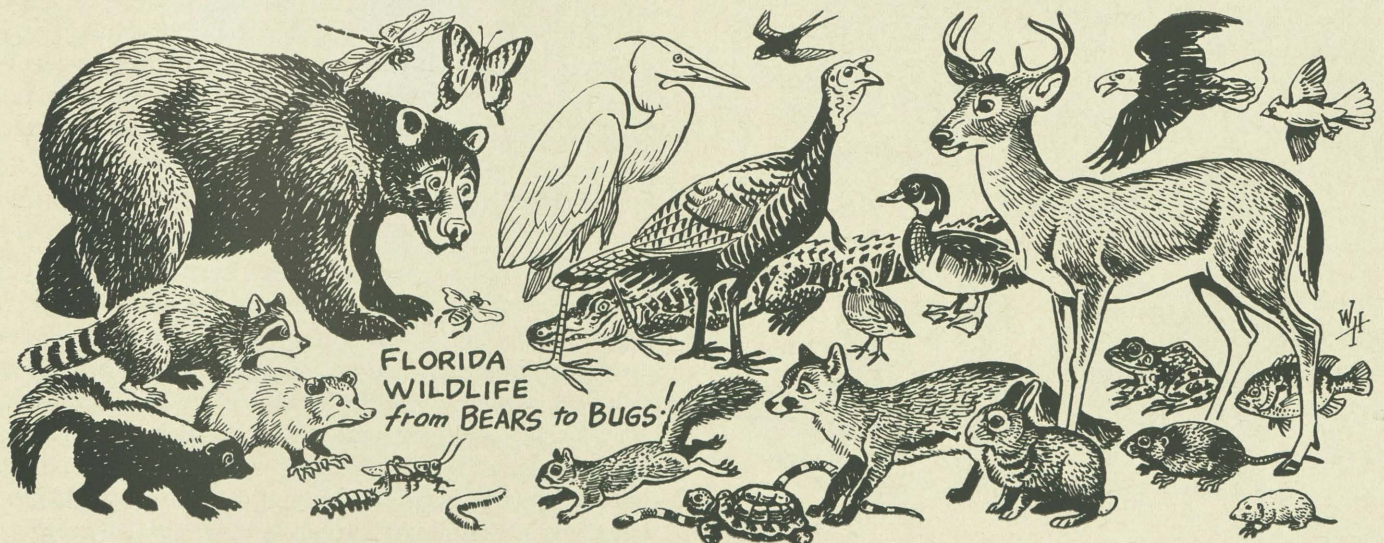
Of What Value Is Wildlife?

Wildlife has many tangible and intangible values: Esthetic, recreational, financial, educational, and others. Wildlife is a part of our American heritage.

What Wildlife Is Found In Florida?

There are many types, species, sub-species, and kinds of wildlife found in Florida. Fresh and saltwater fish, game animals, and non-game animals, game birds, non-game birds, and song birds, reptiles, amphibians

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and shell fish. Even the tiniest insect may be considered as wildlife.

Where Is Wildlife Found?

Everywhere! It is not uncommon to hear quail whistle in the busy Lincoln Road district of Miami Beach. Deer are often seen along our highways, and even in sight of the missile launching area of Eglin Air Force Base. City dwellers may unknowingly have bob-cats and raccoons feed from their garbage cans. No lawn, garden or tree exists without harboring wildlife of some kind.

Be More Specific?

To be more specific, there are 2,750,000 acres of fresh water and 3,000,000 acres of salt water within the geographical boundaries of Florida. We have approximately 4,000,000 acres of land in our wildlife management areas maintained for controlled public hunting. We have 166 rivers and streams, and countless miles of canals in the State. We have 23,047,000 acres of forests, and 3,000 species of plants. We are rich in natural resources and wildlife areas.

Who Benefits From Wildlife?

Every man, woman, and child benefits, either directly or indirectly from wildlife resources. Song-birds, for instance, help keep insect populations in balance to prevent plague outbreaks. Reptiles help keep small rodents in balance with the surroundings.

Who Manages This Valuable Resource?

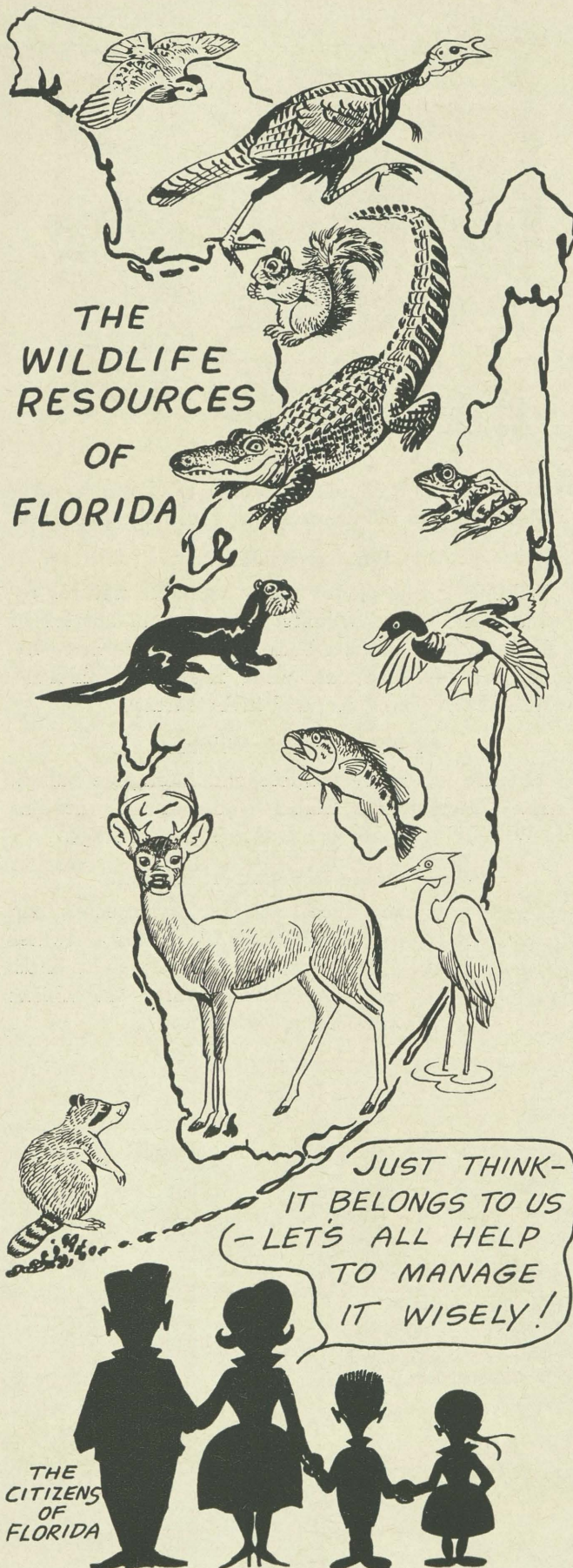
Fresh water fish and wildlife is managed by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, and the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Florida's marine resources are managed by the State Board of Conservation.

How Is Wildlife Managed In Florida?

Wildlife is managed through a program that embraces protection, investigation and research, as well as sound progressive wildlife development and management to improve wildlife habitats and conditions.

What About The People Who Neither Hunt Nor Fish?

Over a million people visited national and state parks and historical monuments in Florida last year. These people enjoy sightseeing in the outdoors. There are also numerous bird watching clubs, conservation societies, garden circles, and nature students throughout Florida. Whether you study the flora and fauna, watch birds, collect butterflies, or photograph wildlife, there are many ways of enjoying nature without participating in the actual harvest by fishing and hunting.



What Is The Status Of Wildlife In Florida?

Some species are decreasing and on the verge of extinction; others are on the increase. Florida contains the largest wild turkey population east of the Mississippi River, with an estimated 75,000 wild turkey. Florida's deer population has tripled in the past 10 years from an estimated 36,574 deer in 1949 to 97,225 in 1959.

Which Species Is Decreasing?

Some species of Florida wildlife are in danger of becoming extinct. The Everglades Kite is losing its battle for survival due to a food shortage. The Florida panther, now fully protected by law, is the only wild panther left east of the Mississippi River. The egret, and other plume birds which once faced extinction due to market hunting, are now protected by law and the populations are increasing. The Bald Eagle, the Key Deer and other wildlife species are in danger due to advancing civilization and reduced wildlife habitat. Florida is the last stronghold of many species of wildlife. As wilderness areas disappear, so does wildlife.

Do Snakes And Alligators Have Any Value?

Both snakes and alligators are valuable. The sale of legal alligator hides amounts to an estimated \$350,000.00 annually. Many reptile exhibitors receive their livelihood from the display and sale of reptiles and their by products. Alligators and snakes also serve the important function of maintaining the balance of nature.

Who Fishes In Florida?

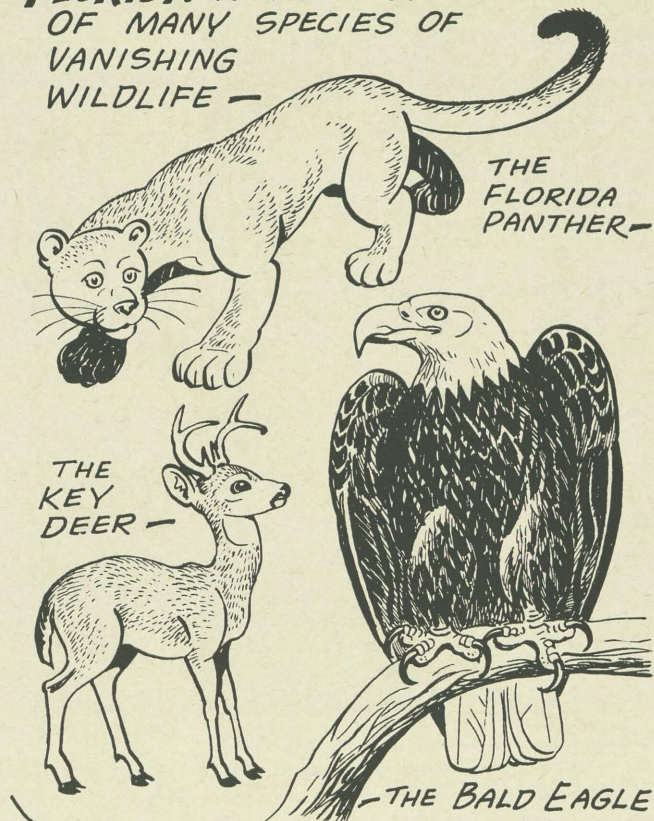
Just about everyone. An analysis of fishing licenses for 1958-59 season indicates 349,158 residents and 172,012 non-residents purchased licenses to fish in Florida's fresh waters. An estimated 38% of Florida's fishermen under 65 years of age are exempt from licenses, since they fish with cane poles in their home counties and need no licenses. 100% of the residents over 64 years of age are also exempt, as well as all children under 15 years of age. No license is required for sport fishing in Florida's salt waters. A recent nationwide survey, sponsored by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service indicated that one in every four men fished; one in every eleven women fished. It is believed that this percentage is even higher in Florida, due to the availability of fishing waters.

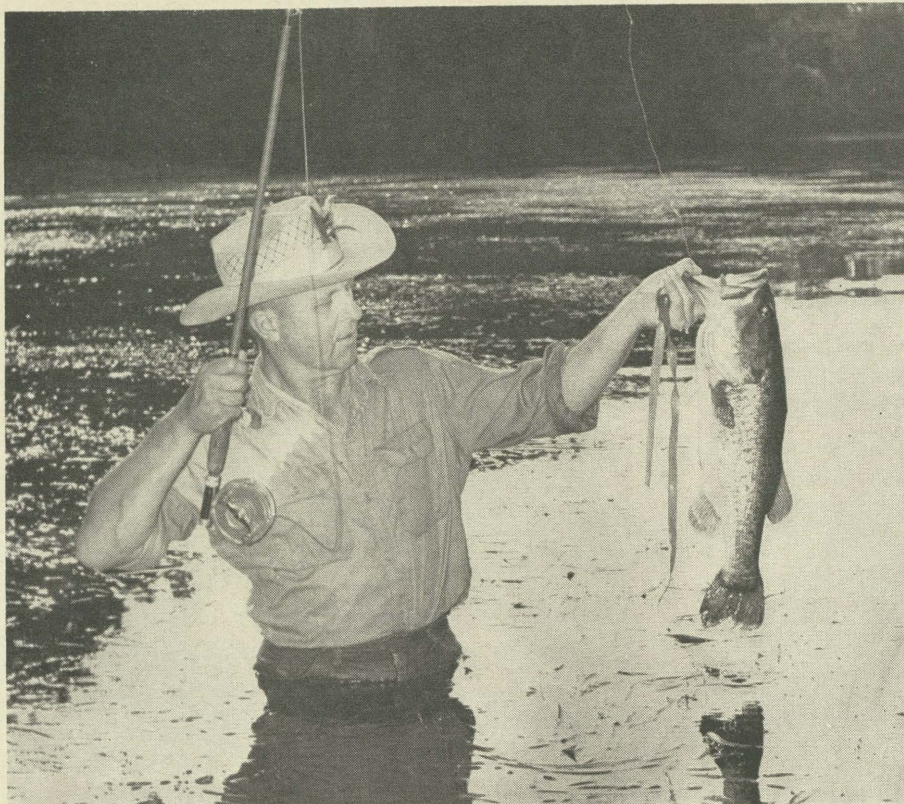
What About Hunting?

The same nation-wide survey indicates that one in every five men hunts, and that one in every 128 women hunts. In 1958-59, a total of 158,856 residents and 2,306 non-residents purchased licenses to hunt in Florida. It is estimated that one in every two households in Florida has one or more fishermen or hunters, and

(Continued on Page 34)

**FLORIDA IS THE LAST STRONGHOLD
OF MANY SPECIES OF
VANISHING
WILDLIFE —**





A good bass that took a popping bug along the edge of an eel grass flat.

**Fish like to move
from one kind
of water into another,
and most
of them are caught**

A WILDLIFE OFFICER TOLD ME the other day that there aren't many bass fishermen left.

"—real bass fishermen, that is," he said.

He isn't quite right. There are a lot of bass fishermen and good ones that catch fish—but I know what he meant. The old school of shoreline rakers seems to have gotten lost in the shuffle somewhere. Their loss may not be important in the overall picture. Some of the more up-to-date

anglers who hump worms and eels along the bottom and go around lakes feeling for cool spots with their hands wouldn't be caught dead just sliding along a shoreline firing a plug into pockets.

This may be the long way around to make a point but bass are still found along the edge of something—whether it's the shoreline or not. It may be the edge of the bonnets, or the weed bed, or the current, or the cool water or the muddy water or the drop-off or the sand bar—but fish like to be where they can move from one kind of water into another and most of them are caught on the edge of something or other.

Some of the really shallow shorelines take a beating from boats these days. After a 5-pound bass has been rolled fins over appetite eleven times and his hangout has turned muddy as a Filipino rice paddy, he is going away from there.

Maybe he won't go far. If you happen to be fishing that dingy shoreline, pay a little extra attention to the area where the mud stops and the deep, clean water starts—maybe 15 or 20 feet out. Probably he won't be there either—but he might.

More than likely he will hunt a deep area with suitable cover and that spells bonnets in a lot of Florida lakes. So try the edge of the bonnets.

One of the stranger sights I have

ALONG THE EDGE

By CHARLES WATERMAN

Shoreline casting in the mangrove everglades.

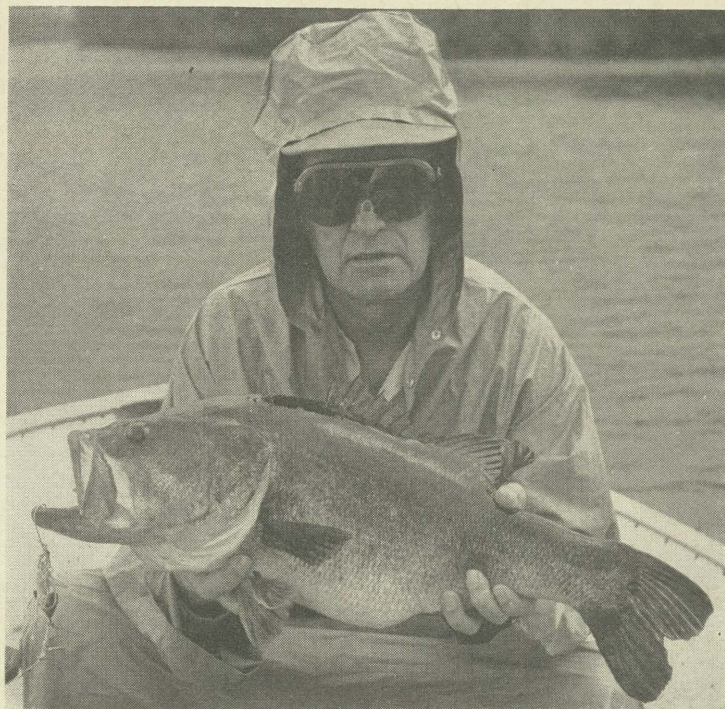


seen was a 40-foot cruiser anchored about 300 yards off a cove in a deep lake. A guy in a yachting cap was casting with a spinning reel from the stern without result. I inquired about him at the dock and learned he had been doing the same thing for a week. Someone told him to fish close to shore and he figured he was close enough. He hadn't caught any fish but for a while I thought maybe he knew something I didn't.

It takes skill to lay a plug or bug into the pockets and against the logs—a form of skill that not many people want to bother with any more. They prefer open water. But when they make a good catch out there, the chances are they're fishing the edge of something, be it bar or current or bottom obstruction.

It's a safe rule to look for any area where one kind of water changes into another kind. One of my earliest angling triumphs occurred on a bass fishing trip with a well-known guide of that time. We were plug casting down a river and he was guiding the boat with a paddle. He had caught a nice string of fish and, for some reason, I couldn't score.

Unhappy about the weather rather than the fishing, Jack Gowdy caught this one at the edge of a weed bed. Rubber-skirted, weedless lure is a good choice for this kind of angling.



Photos By Charles Watermar

Then we came to a spot where a muddy creek emptied into the clear river. I threw a big old jointed Pikie minnow to the muddy streak and three or four bass tried to divide it among them. I got four dandies out of that little streak of mud while the famous guide was fighting the current and couldn't cast. I was thirteen

years old and I was ahead when the float ended. Since then, I've been beaten so many times I don't keep score but it was important to me then—and I'll still row clear across a river to throw at a muddy streak. The old tubular steel rod I used that time has long since rusted away and I don't know what became of my old Shakespeare "Precision" reel.

These school bass fishermen seem to be working in open water but the truth is that the fish are schooling on the edge of heavy current along the edge of a bar.



I sometimes get carried away by what I see above the water and don't stop to think that the fish aren't interested in sitting on the bank.

Several years ago I was fishing the shoreline of a river and spent an hour or two demonstrating my ability to throw close to the bank, which was lined with logs, weeds and brush. Then, when I hung up I rowed over and found my surface plug had been operating over less than four inches of water—not room for a good bass unless he lived on his side like a flounder. The true edge of the river at normal water was several feet further out. I had been giving the come hither with that surface plug in water too shallow to fish and had been yanking it over the good water to get ready for another
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cast. Business picked up when I changed targets.

An old time bass fisherman kept coming in from the St. Johns River with nice fish one winter. I hadn't been setting the world on fire so I begged for help.

He had rigged up a mess of junk including some rubber skirts, a spinner and the body from a Paul Bunyan 66 (probably not as good as the original bait but it gave him a feeling of originality). He told me he was fishing the shoreline with it and took me along. He caught several fish before I figured out what he was doing. He'd chunk the thing up against the shallow banks, drag it along the bottom until it reached the drop-off, let it tumble down into the deep water and then crank it in. They grabbed it when it plopped over the drop-off. Once I caught on I—well, I never could catch much with the danged thing but I think my failures were due to lack of patience and clumsiness. I DID catch a few.

Now that drop-off business is a killer on speckled perch (crappie) when you use small jigs on spinning rods. When there is a little fringe of submerged vegetation along the drop-off, you have a perfect spot for speckled perch, bream OR bass.

This method is excellent for those who are expert at bottom bumping with jigs—a business at which I never have been very good. The real bottom-feelers always show me up. Morrie Upperman of the bucktail jig Uppermans says they have “fishing hands.” I guess my fishing is in my feet—or somewhere.

Gene Bevis, a consistently successful bass fisherman, did very well last summer by fishing the “drop-off” with a fat, black plastic worm. He cast it with monofilament line on a casting reel made for the purpose. That way he felt he had a better chance with heavy fish than when using spinning tackle because his mono ran somewhere around 20-pound test and was needed against big fish in heavy cover.

When the water is deeper and



Rocky Weinstein, Tamiami Trail canal expert, casting for snook and bass where the water trickles out of the sawgrass into the “ditch.”

there is some current, the ideal shoreline spot is where the current eddies below an obstruction. That location gives a fish the opportunity of resting in quiet water but being ready to grab anything that drifts by out in the current. Fish, like people, aren't anxious to go at top speed all day.

Sometimes fish lie *above* obstructions too. The current piles water up where it divides to move around the obstruction, often forming a quiet pocket there.

Bonnet or pad fishing is a lot of fun and often productive. Here you have obstructions that furnish shade, harbor bait fish and grow in fairly deep water. Sometimes you hear a fish banging things 'way back in there but it has been my experience that most bass are near the *edge* of the bonnets or in pockets that have a little open path to open water. This is fine because it's hard to fish back in solid patches of bonnets or spat-terdock.

Receding water continually forms temporary hot spots along lake and river edges. As the water goes down, minnows, frogs and other residents move into deeper water. Concentrations of wading birds are signs of such areas.

At the edge of a canal in the sawgrass country, I once saw three kinds of wading birds, a busy raccoon and a drove of snook, all competing for minnows in a rapidly draining puddle about 20 feet across. The herons were hopping around among the snook and every now and then a fish would swim against one of the birds' shins. The heron would stumble, squawk and go on grabbing minnows.

I started casting a fly into the melee, whereupon the coon departed and the birds flew off a few yards. I caught one snook and could have picked up another with my hands. He beached himself accidentally.

The top-notch fishermen of the Tamiami Trail canal are experts at predicting the day and hour that a patch of sawgrass marsh will drain fishily into the ditch.

Rocky Weinstein, the guide and rod builder, used to check the tide at Everglades ten miles away and then drive unerringly to a spot where either bass or snook would be clustered around a run-in up along the canal. It was a delicate bit of figuring because the sawgrass water would have to be falling just right and the tide effects must be carefully gauged. It paid off because

Rocky knew where the edge would be.

Several years ago I wrote a story for Florida Wildlife telling how Jim Henely and I followed the directions of Bob Cassidy to a spot near Lake Woodruff on the St. Johns and found the water coming out of a marsh, "just right." We caught some nice bass. Since that's not far from where I keep my boat, I have gone back many times but I've never found it right again.

I love to brag about the time I found bass along the deep edge of an impounded lake. They were at varying depths along that edge and you could cast the shorelines all day from a boat with little success.

But the gimmick was that if you got out of the boat and worked from shore you had it made. You cast a spoon well out and let it sink near the bottom, then reeled it up the steep slope of the bank. You would think those fish had lived just for that moment.

The water was clear and I could see the bass. I honestly believe I hooked all but one of the fish I saw in a 50-yard stretch. I felt pretty cocky about it and tried to forget I had read of the method years before in a book written by Ted Trueblood.

When I came back to demonstrate

my skill for a friend, the fish had left.

That was one instance where a boat fisherman's extreme accuracy meant nothing. Although the tail hook of his plug may have clicked the edge on every cast, the fish still wouldn't get a look at it. Even if he used a very deep runner, by the time it was down far enough to score, it would be past the fish hugging the steep drop-off.

Most of the time, the super-accurate caster has an advantage but there are times when he can throw too close to obstructions. A surface plug tossed right up against an overhanging bank may be out of sight of the old mossback beneath it so it must be worked well out if he is to be contacted.

Sometimes a heavy growth of coontail moss makes the same kind of situation with the fish too far back under to see a really close cast.

Fish in inland waters affected by tides are especially edge and obstruction conscious and that's one reason why a tide change is often a hot time for fishing.

If a fish has been goofing off behind a stump on the incoming tide, he'll find that when it changes, he'll at least have to come around on the other side or have to swim like mad for a few hours.

Whole schools of bait have to change position when the water switches to the other direction and all sorts of things are apt to happen. Everybody has to have a new hiding place and the hungry characters are apt to be on the prowl. Good time to have your casting arm cocked.

If you stream and lake fishermen think you have a tough time finding dropoffs, edges and the right shoreline, consider for a moment the problems of the ocean angler who must seek the edges with a depthfinder, careful navigation and a crystal ball. That's the meaning of some of those improvised buoys you find in unlikely places at sea. Other fishermen sometimes move them too—or cut them lose . . . an outstanding example of man's inhumanity to man.

Whenever possible, you can make the most of fringe benefits if you'll work a lure *along* a shoreline or dropoff rather than just to and away from it.

In moving along a shoreline in a boat, casts at an angle to shore will show the merchandise to more customers. I've had good luck when fishing alone by letting the boat drift along right against the bank and fishing ahead of it.

The guy who really covers the shoreline is the chap who works a cane pole and lure ahead of a slowly paddled boat, using a short length of heavy line and keeping the bait in the water.

Around here, I've heard it called "jitterbobbing" more than anything else but it cleans house under numerous names in various parts of the country—and it is widely advertised as a secret method to be purchased at considerable expense and with great stealth.

The lure varies from an outsized chunk of porkrind to a bucktail but it is kept close to the shore and the guy with the cane pole keeps it jumping. It covers ALL of the shoreline.

Anyway, it's good fishing to keep the shoreline in mind and if they aren't there, they're likely to be along the edge of something else. ●



Fishing the drop-off with small jigs for speckled perch. The small motor is idling to keep drift under control.

Our plans for a few days hunting
on two Florida preserves
turned into a fine

WRITER'S HOLIDAY

By EDMUND McLAURIN

IT WAS WHILE WAITING in line at the Post Office to mail some Florida resort material to friends in distant states that I chanced to run into Red Marston, outdoor columnist for the ST PETERSBURG TIMES.

While Red and I chat at length on the 'phone every few days to discuss various conservation programs, it is seldom we get to see each other.

"Been dove hunting yet?" I asked. (The season had just opened.)

"Nope. In fact, I haven't even been able to take my vacation. You?"

"Same here!" . . .

Among laymen there seemingly exists a belief that writers—especially those who prepare material for the outdoor type publication—have easy work. "You fellows have pretty much your own working hours, and short ones at that! You write a few easily composed paragraphs or pages a day, then you're through!" they say.

Not so! In truth, an outdoor writer's lot is far from being an idealistic one. True, he may have the apparent privilege of more or less observing his own working periods, but he will often far exceed the normal 8 hour work day, sometimes working before dawn or past midnight—especially when facing a fast approaching deadline.

Single or covey?
You don't know
until the moment
of exciting, get-
away flight!

Also, without being initially conscious of it, a serious writer tends to become more keyed up as he gets deeper into his subject. He is apt to lose all awareness of the clock as he writes, revises, double checks on all facts, does supplementary research and otherwise drives himself until the component parts of his article or story are forced from mind to typewriter. Bacon was indeed right when he penned "writing makes an exact man"! Also, sustained schedule writing is hard work—whether you do it professionally or as a hobby.

Vacations? To busy writers and editors, the word is frequently merely one among many in a working vocabulary; for the average obligated newspaper or magazine columnist, true vacations are something *other people* take. . . .

"I guess the only way I'll ever get any free time will be by goofing off

for a few days, regardless." . . . Right then, the idea struck me with full, rosy anticipation! . . .

"Say, let's take off and go up to a couple of the commercial shooting preserves, leaving Sunday night and coming back sometime Tuesday. We can hunt quail at Ike Riggs' place between Ocala and Dunnellon, then go on up to the Dixie Lily Shooting Preserve at Williston, for pheasants and ducks."

"I don't think I . . ." Red started to say, then switched to a more positive tone. . . . "That's an idea! We'll do it!"

"Maybe Johnny Wilhelm will go with us," I suggested hopefully. John writes a weekly column under the name of Bob Waterman, and seemingly has more free time than we do.

"Yeah, I'll bet he can go," Red said. "How about Bobby Hicks, too?" Hicks is an outdoor columnist

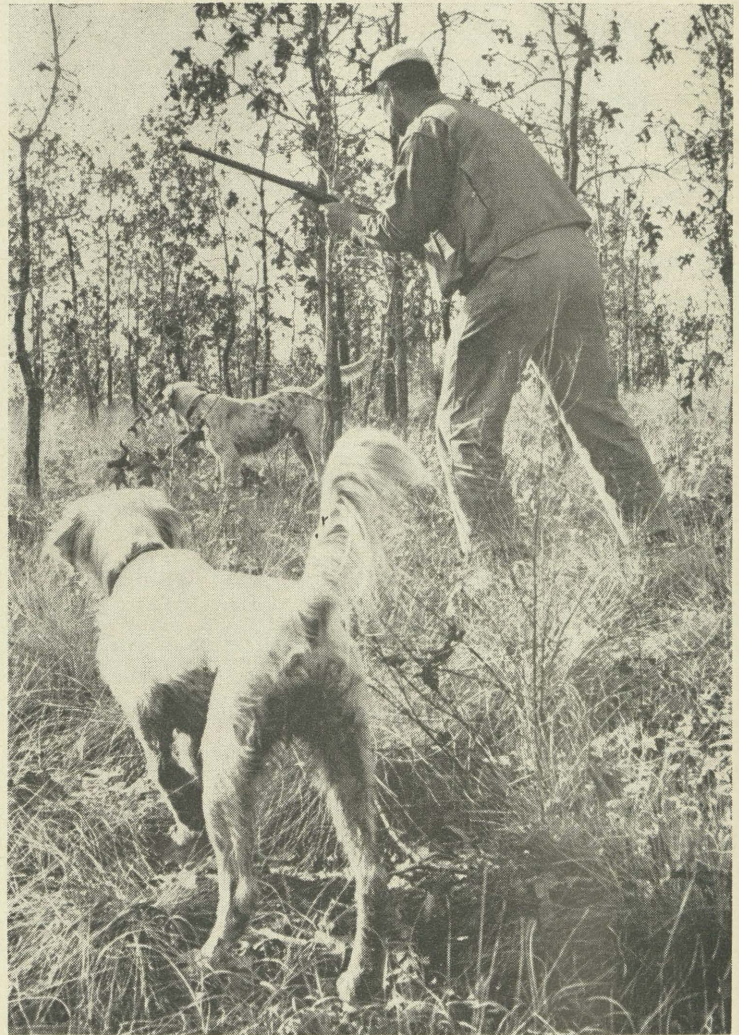


Photo By Charles Dickey

We found pen-raised, released birds inter-mixed with native stock and just as hard to hit.

for the Tampa TRIBUNE. "By heaven, we'll make it a writers' holiday!"

"I'll phone them," I volunteered. "We'll all meet at my home Sunday night. Anyone coming late can join us at Ike Riggs'."

Wilhelm was easily reached and endorsed the idea enthusiastically, but Bobby Hicks proved hard to contact. I put through two calls to Tampa, but failed to reach him. I did, however, leave an informative message. Later, Bobby called to say he could not go.

We found everything about the Riggs' place impressively big scale—vast acreage notably free of palmetto clumps and rattlesnakes, abundant birds, plenty of trained hunting dogs, skilled guides, modern Jeeps and high-seated vehicles, the best of overnight accommodations and sumptuous table fare. Even the owner-operators proved big! Riggs, Sr., is 6 feet, 5 inches; his son, 6 feet, 8 inches, guaranteed accurate measurement!

Any dog that ranges hard, evincing plenty of enthusiasm as well as



Photo By Charles Dickey

seriousness for his job is a joy to the Southern quail hunter. Riggs takes especial pride in his high type of trained bird dogs. He keeps an average of 31 working. One male dog is so proud of his blood strain that if he overhears any chance remark reflecting on the maternal side of his ancestry, he will immediately stop hunting and go sit in one of the Jeeps, apparently burning with indignation!

Nothing like a cooling bath after a hard workout! At Riggs' Ocala preserve, old bathtubs are kept filled with water for use by hot, tired dogs afield.

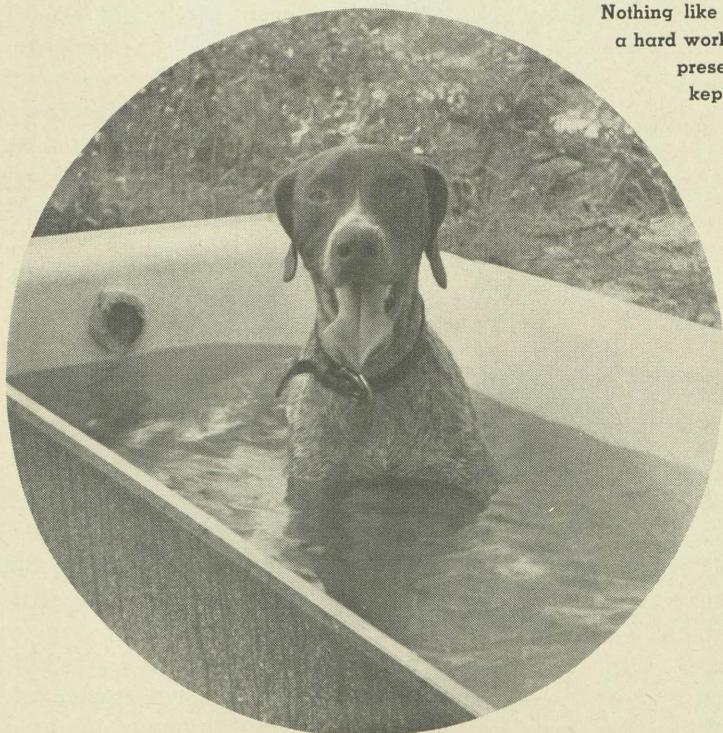


Photo By Edmund McLaurin

As he slowly drove the Jeep behind two scent-seeking dogs, Riggs, Sr., cited some interesting facts about quail and the problems associated with raising birds for preserve stocking.

Constant replacement of free flying birds is necessary, he explained—not only because of covey reductions from hunter kills, but also because, in the wild, quail are subject to a variety of natural hazards, with resultant losses.

Skunks, crows, raccoons, opossums, snakes and natural catastrophes of fire and flood together take a heavy toll and relatively few eggs laid in the wild eventually become mature, propagating birds. In farming areas, cultivating and harvesting machinery inadvertently destroy many nests.

Most sportsmen, Riggs added wryly, maintain the mistaken belief that a quail raiser has only to hatch out eggs, then feed birds until they reach maturity and release stage, thereby building up a huge wild state quail population on his acreage.

Riggs explained that a preserve operator can expect a permanent resident wild quail population of an average of only one quail per acre, regardless of the amount of natural growing or artificially introduced

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feed, an opinion shared by many game biologists. Some quail shooters, however, take exception; they contend that coveys in the wild, given food and protection, will increase 'way beyond that average. They're hunters—not quail raisers or biologists.

To the man who tries it, raising quail for preserve stocking is a gamble from the very first. To begin with, the game breeder must select fertile eggs and incubate them 22 to 24 days at 99.5 degrees. Each egg must be turned to a new position every 2 to 4 hours during that calendar period.

Once hatched, birds must be constantly protected against disease and predators. Pens have to be rat and predator-proof. They also must be equipped with infra-red ray lamps to control humidity, because if birds get too damp or too cold in their pens they will pile up for warmth and actually smother a few of their kind.

Strict sanitary measures are con-

stantly required. All feed pans, for example, have to be regularly sterilized, and any noticeably sick or abnormal birds immediately segregated or destroyed. . . .

But the dogs were on point! As Riggs brought the Jeep to an abrupt halt, we hunters hurriedly flipped coins to see who would make the shot. Red won, but insisted that I shoot first. So did John. Therefore, it was with a mixed feeling of pleasure and uneasiness that I loaded my 16 gauge Ithaca pump and moved in behind the dogs. My companions were looking to me to score.

It was a single. The bird got away fast, kept low and veered sharply to my left, but in vain. My shot pattern dropped him neatly.

"Nice shot!" John called.

"Thanks." I acknowledged. At least my first field shot of the season hadn't been a miss.

John took the next point, after Red insisted his lack of shooting practice called for him to be more of an observer than a shooter during the initial stages of the hunt.

Four birds flushed in as many different directions. John killed two, handling his Cutts compensator-equipped Browning autoloader with obvious familiarity. The dogs found the birds without any trouble.

Red was making pictures with his Rollei, but we urged that he shoot next. His gun was an L. C. Smith Field Grade 12 gauge double, with improved cylinder boring in one barrel and modified choke boring in the other. Already the dogs were on point, one dog picturesquely honoring the other's find with staunch support and respect.

The single bird that broke cover caught Red by surprise, and he missed his first shot, but grounded his target far from the gun on his second try, after a seemingly long and deliberate aim. John and I whistled and whooped in acclaim at the long, accurate shot. Red looked back at us and grinned.

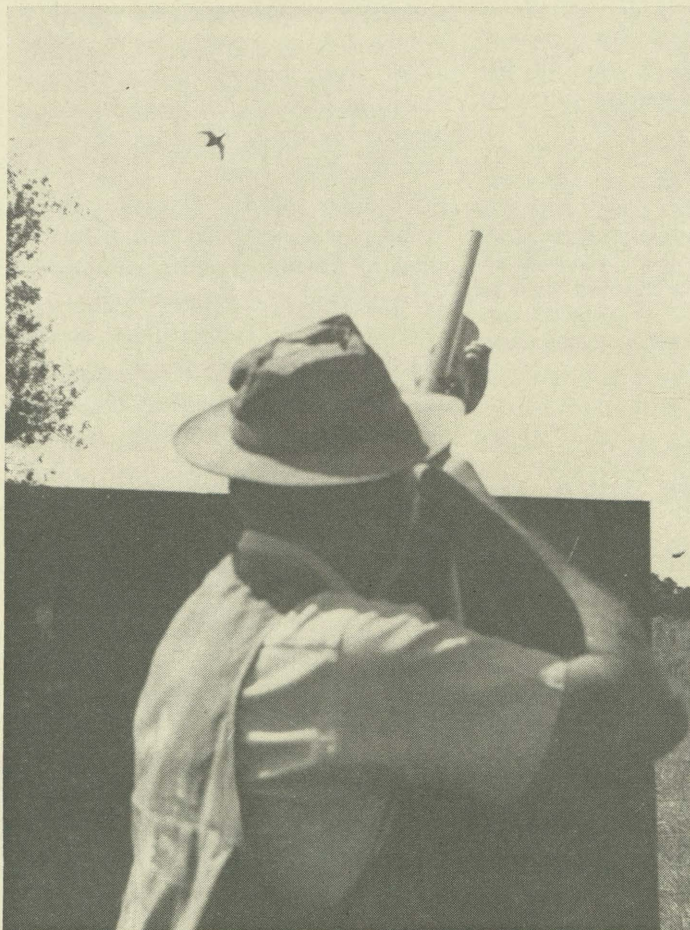
I knocked down two more singles, then a double. Meanwhile, John and Red were alternately adding birds to the day's total bag, too. There were plenty of birds to shoot, and the dogs proved eager to locate them for us. We were allowed eight birds per man.

Where there are two or more hunters to a party, the minimum charge for each hunter is \$25.00. This entitles the hunting party to a guide, dogs, a Jeep and a very good chance of each member of the party bagging eight birds. For a hunter by himself, constituting a party of one, the going rate is \$25.00 plus \$5.00 equipment and service fee.

For each quail bagged over the minimum, the hunter is charged \$2.50 a bird—that is, after he has bagged his allotted eight birds. He may shoot as many additional birds as he likes, at \$2.50 per bird.

The minimum charge applies to either a morning or afternoon hunt, and is the same whether dogs are furnished by the preserve or by the patron. Shells can be purchased at sporting goods store prices, if needed.

These rates and shooting conditions are fairly uniform among the preserves currently being operated



From a high tower release point half a mile away, the ducks came winging—high, low, fast, or in curving flight, as mood suited them.

Photo By
Charles Dickey

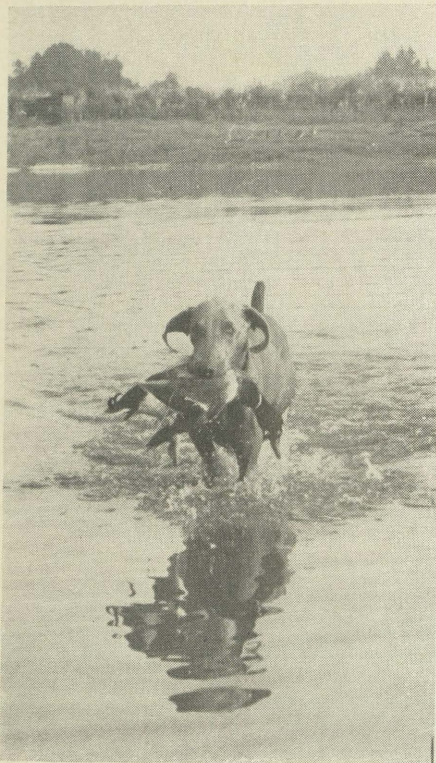


Photo By Edmund McLaurin

Some of the ducks fell in the lake behind the blinds, but our dog retrieved everyone. No birds killed were lost.

rience that, once released, pen-raised birds become as wild and as hard to hit as native birds, especially in mixed coveys.

Gun in hand, Red was slowly approaching one of the dogs on point, his every step and body movement typifying readiness. The place of pending action was strikingly picturesque, so were hunter and dog. I grabbed my camera and quietly moved in behind Red, ready to snap the picture at the climactic moment. However, the action that developed was totally unexpected. Fortunately, I had fast reflexes.

When the bird flushed, he bore straight back—low over Red's head and mine. When Red, not knowing I was directly behind him, swung his gun around to follow the flight, I dove for the dirt—and fast! As I flattened out, I yelled for him to shoot. He waited long enough to make sure I was clear of his line of fire, then leveled on his target. The quail was so far from the gun by this time I thought Red would miss, but he didn't.

When the dog brought in the kill, I accepted it for Red and stuffed it into his game bag.

We took time out to count birds. Red and I had our limit, but John

lacked one. His eighth bird was bagged less than fifteen minutes later.

We had enjoyed an action-packed morning, with good shooting assured by an abundance of birds and the assistance of two excellent dogs. Therein, we realized, lies one of the advantages of patronizing a paid shooting preserve. The quail were already there to shoot; we had only to find them—then enjoy every type of going-away shot imaginable!

After lunch we moved on to the Dixie Lily Shooting Preserve, at Williston, to spend the night and next day to try for ducks and pheasants.

The big ranch was established by Cecil Webb in 1952 as a privately owned and operated shooting preserve and as experimental acreage for scientific raising of wild game species. It was opened to the public for the first time in the Fall of 1960, on a pay-as-you-go basis, until the close of its present season, April 30, 1961. All birds—quail, dove, pheasants, ducks and wild turkey—are scientifically bred to provide a real challenge to the hunter, once released in the wild state.

Bud Smith, the ranch's likeable manager, made us feel at home the moment we drove through the gate. He lost little time in seating us at a table piled high with Southern-

(Continued on Page 40)

in Florida as pay-as-you-go enterprises.

If at first the tariff seems a bit high, consider the assured good shooting and the convenience of participation. When one adds up the total cost of a hunting trip on public land, and compares it with the hunting expense of a day at a paid shooting preserve, the latter doesn't seem expensive at all.

Three of the birds we killed did not have bands on their legs. John commented on the fact.

"They're native birds," Riggs explained. "All birds I raise and release are banded. Tell me, did you notice any difference between the get-away flights of my banded birds and these two wild ones?"

"No," I answered. "I'd say that your banded birds are just as hard to hit as the native stock."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," Riggs said appreciatively. "You know, some hunters claim that pen-raised quail aren't as fast flying or as tricky as native birds. I don't agree with them; it's been my expe-

As the flights of mallards came into gun range, Red and I took heavy toll.





AIR BOATING

Air boat bassing
in the mangrove country
is great — and spiced with danger

Sig Walker launches his airboat left, for a fishing trip into the most remote part of southwest Florida.

I'D FLUBBED MY CAST trying to place the lure with its trailing mayfly too close to the mangroves.

It was a beautiful, spinning foul up. The lure plopped into the water only a few feet from our airboat.

Mentally berating my clumsiness, I began to untangle the snarl, when Sig hollered:

"Strike. Strike hard!"

Instinctively I snapped up my rod tip, but to no avail. I had yards of slack out, and then I wondered why Sig was so excited.

Glancing up, I saw the reason.

Two bass had struck simultaneously at my dual lure. One had socked the spinning, frogback popper, while the other had taken picks on the trailing plastic mayfly. Both were headed towards the security of the mangroves after being suckered into hitting the artificials.

Madly I cranked my spinning reel, but I never had a chance. Finally they both tail danced, flipped the lures as only bass can flip 'em when they've got slack, and disappeared. One good bass strike raises my blood pressure tremendously. You can imagine what that double did!

An unorthodox incident? Maybe, but airboat fishing is unorthodox especially when you're fishing some of the almost unknown fishing holes Sig Walker knows.

We were fishing one of his pot-holes in as unlikely bass terrain as

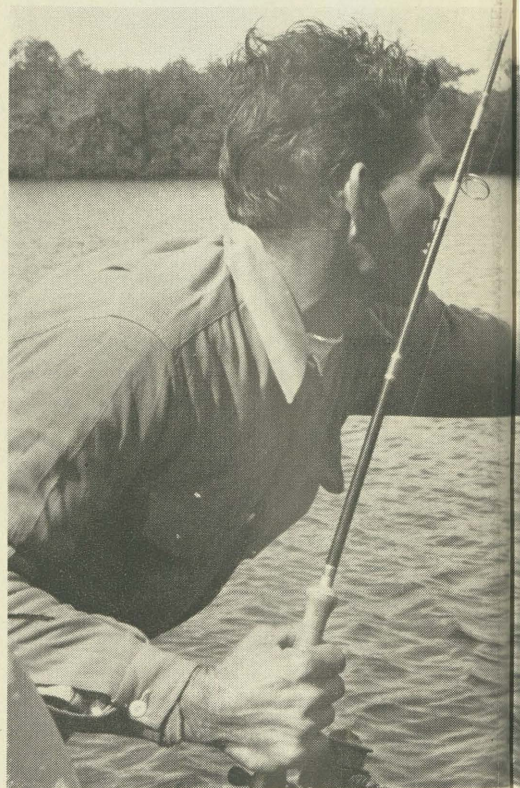
I'd ever seen—the edge of the mangrove country in Collier county, one of Florida's last frontiers. Bass aren't usually found in the mangroves too close to salt water, but Sig's particular brand of bass don't conform to the accepted norm. Maybe they need psychiatric treatment. On second thought, that'd spoil 'em, 'cause they're too darned obliging about hitting, and it's mighty nice to have the fish cooperate like this. They're just pleasingly unorthodox.

Everything about "blow boat" bass fishing with Sig is decidedly unorthodox. Sig, a former game warden, who was born and reared around Ochopee, specializes in prowling one of the most primitive areas remaining in South Florida, sometimes as a professional guide, sometimes as a professional frogger, sometimes as a hunter, and sometimes just to be prowling in the outdoors.

He loves the cypress-sawgrass country which few can visit, and he likes lots of elbow room. Only a guide like Sig can get you in and out of this terrain without trouble, and it takes special equipment.

This unorthodox trip was started unorthodoxly at 4 a.m. in Miami where we rendezvoused. It was a bitterly cold morning—the temperature was in the 40s, which is darned cold in South Florida.

When I asked Sig whether he



thought the bass would hit in cold weather, he replied:

"These bass are crazy. They've never seen an artificial lure. If they don't hit, I'll walk back alone."

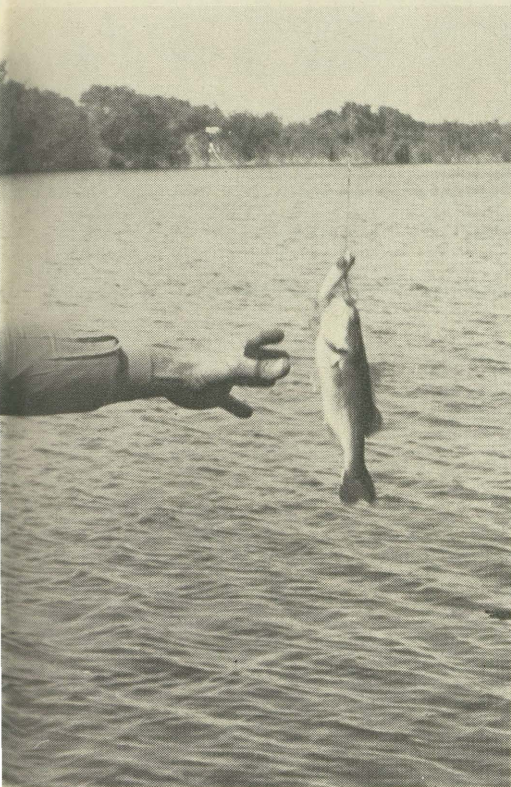
That seemed like a pretty wild statement, but if anyone knew this country, it was Sig.

As I watched Sig and his brother, Ed, unload the airboat from the trailer we used to tow it 60 miles from Miami to Monroe Station and down the Old Loop Road, I wondered whether or not I wasn't nuts to be embarking upon an airboat trip in this terrain. Airboats are

By MAX HUNN

NG FOR BASS

Fishing a nameless lake in south Florida, below, Sig lands a "blow boat" bass on spinning gear.



didn't hide cypress knees, stumps and other delightful little hull ripers. Now, I wasn't so certain I liked the prospects.

Finishing lashing the last of the reserve gasoline, Sig called softly in his southern drawl:

"O.K. Get ready to board. We've miles to cover."

Ed and I were to ride on the narrow L-beam a couple of feet in front of the prop, while Sig took the driver's seat. This wasn't a passenger airboat, but a frogger's with but one seat—the driver's. It was a standard 5x12-foot aluminum hull with a 60 HP ex-airplane engine driving the propeller. It could travel, I knew. But it could also get very messy if something went wrong. Into my mind flashed memories of some nasty airboating accidents in recent years—and they'd been in the sawgrass country. We were heading for the cypress.

During the loading operations, I quizzed Sig about his take off point.

"This isn't airboating country, Sig," I remarked. "How in hell are you goin' to get through that cypress?"

He laughed.

"I can do it. I've a trail through that big strand. An oil exploration outfit

bulldozed it several years ago during a real dry spell. If you know how to handle an airboat, you can get through. It cuts off a lot of miles on the trip we're making. And once we clear the cypress, we'll break into the sawgrass country leading to the mangroves."

"Uhh," I commented. "A private trail?"

"Not quite, but almost," he laughingly replied. "One or two other airboaters have tried following me, but they didn't do so good. Tore their boats up real bad bouncing off cypress knees and trees. Guess I'm the only one using it now."

We pushed the airboat around to head in the direction we were going, and hopped aboard. These blow boats don't have any reverse, and are steered by a rudder which deflects the propeller's air blast. If your engine stops, you've had it. You'll stop against the nearest available object—acceptable or otherwise.

The cold wind whistled past our ears as Sig gunned the airboat to planing speed and began snake-hipping down the twisting cypress trail. In seconds, we were weeping like our last friend had just died, and we narrowed our eyes to slits as the wind increased.

Through the blur caused by my weeping, wind blown eyes, I could

(Continued on Next Page)

This string of 16 largemouth bronzebacks was landed on an air boating for bass expedition.



built for skimming over the soggy 'Glades, and on a few inches of water they'll fly. But Sig's launching place was in the heart of the Big Cypress, and in the faint light of early dawn, the normal cypress strand loomed formidable. It was open near the edges, but dense in the center. It definitely wasn't standard airboating country.

I not only was cold, but I began to have grave questions about my sanity in embarking upon an airboat bass fishing trip from this point. I'd ridden airboats, but always in the 'Glades country where the sawgrass



Photo By Max Hunn

(Continued from Preceding Page)
barely see ahead, and what I saw didn't please me—cypress, cypress and more cypress. Then I bowed my head and hung on for dear life, glimpsing cypress knees speeding past only inches from the hull.

Raising my head to peek ahead, my heart plopped into my mouth. Ahead lay an impenetrable cypress strand—thicker than any we'd passed. I couldn't see any sign of a trail. We were going to crash. I felt like yelling, but it wouldn't have done any good, for the motor roar smothered all other sounds. I hunched my shoulders instinctively and braced for a crash, hoping the motor would cut off automatically.

Then suddenly, the airboat skidded violently to port as Sig swung us into a fast turn only inches away from the strand. That bulldozer driver must have made a 90-degree turn and he certainly wasn't concerned with airboaters. I heaved a sigh of relief. What a way to go fishing, I thought.

Soon the cypress became shorter as we neared the edge of the strand. Clearing the cypress, Sig really tromped on the throttle, pushing the boat to some 35 miles an hour. A fine

Sig Walker pilots his airboat in the trackless terrain of southwest Florida.

grass spray went zinging past our heads as the bow clipped the tallest sawgrass. There were no landmarks. The endless sawgrass—some short, some tall, broken here and there by cabbage palm hammocks—stretched to the horizon, but Sig never stopped to check directions. In fact he didn't even have a compass.

It seemed like a century riding that narrow iron bar, but actually it was only about 40 minutes. Suddenly Sig slowed the airboat and headed towards a wall of mangroves, then deftly swung into a hidden channel, and easing back on the throttle coasted through a dark, semi-tunnel onto a tranquil lake.

Sig looked back and nodded. So this was it—one of his bass holes, I just sat and stared. This was supposed to be bass country? Where were the pads? The sunken logs? The reeds and grass they love? Who'd ever heard of bass hiding under those mangroves? If I'd ever seen snook country, this was it.

But I'd come to fish for bass, and I was goin' to fish for bass.

We rigged quickly and prepared to flip our spinning plugs near the mangroves. There was still a chilly nip in the air, although it was well after 10 a.m. I felt the water. Brr, nice mountain trout water. This was certainly the most unorthodox bass fishing expedition I'd ever been on.

My first few casts were dismal failures—mainly because my numbed fingers wouldn't finger the line properly, and I couldn't reach the mangroves properly.

Finally I got the range. This cast landed neatly beneath the mangroves. Frogback or not, I wouldn't have been surprised to have a snook boil out at it. Then, wham! A water busting strike. I arched my rod and set the hook, and the fish went to work.

He tail danced three times, fortunately coming away from the mangroves. Then he sulked as I gained line. When he sighted the boat he really spooked off in a line consuming run, but finally I turned him by tightening my drag slightly. Gradually I worked him towards the boat, and then he almost finished me by starting to dive under the aluminum

(Continued on Page 40)

Choctawhatchee Watershed



Part 3

Hammock Pond

Hamlin Pond

Pine Log Creek

Wages Pond

Dunford Pond

Hicks Pond

By

Keith Byrd, Project Leader

Phil Hester, Fishery Biologist

Mary Ward, Secretary

Lake & Stream Survey Team 1

Keith Byrd, left, and Phil Hester record technical data from species collected during recent survey of the Choctawhatchee watershed.

HAMMOCK AND HAMLIN PONDS

WHEN THE CHOCTAWHATCHEE RIVER is flooded, fishermen in this area turn their attention to the quiet lakes nestled deep into the sandhills of Washington County. Two lakes which receive a big percentage of this attention are the adjoining Hammock and Hamlin Ponds. These sister lakes are connected by a short, natural canal. For this reason, we feel they should be treated as one body of water.

Approaching this lake from atop one of the numerous surrounding sandhills, the visitor is met by quiet blue waters contrasting with white sand beaches. His first thought is perhaps that this is going to be a fine day even if he does not catch a single fish. Usually, however, the day is exceptionally good for the fish are there and they do bite. The most popular cracker method is to wade around the shore fishing in deeper water with crickets, earthworms, or catalpa worms. In the spring, when the weather and water start to warm, people can be seen with pants legs rolled up or skirts held high seeking and catching hand-sized bluegills and small bass. Largemouth bass, especially the young, are very numerous here. Cane pole fishermen out to catch a mess of bream are constantly bothered by the spunky rascals. Larger bass and chain pickerel are also abundant and are caught on artificial spinning and casting lures. The best areas for these are White Oak Slough, which leads into a large swamp, and the canal between the two parts of the lake.

Date of Survey: 1958.

Size: 934 acres.

Location: Washington County, Florida; approximately 9½ miles south of Wausau, Florida.

Water Color: Colorless.

Aquatic Vegetation: Manna Grass, Button Bush, Yellow Water Lily, White Water Lily, Pond Cedar, Blaader Wort.

Bottom Type: Sand mostly with some mud in the cypress sloughs.

Depth: Hamlin Pond is shallow and grassy. Hammock is also shallow along the shore, but drops to 22 feet in the deepest part.

Fluctuation: Normally not more than two feet throughout the year.

Accessibility and Availability: Approximately 4 miles of unimproved and ungraded sand roads. Landings are old road beds which are too shallow to launch big boats without a tilt trailer.

Fishing History: In the past years these lakes have produced excellent fishing and recreation. Large bass and bluegills were readily caught, before the drought. Now the population of all game fish has rebuilt and is again offering fine fishing.

Best Fishing Areas: Fish seem to concentrate in the openings between the different sections of the lake. Grass edges and cypress sloughs are also popular fishing sites.

(Continued on Next Page)

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CATCHABLE FISH PRESENT

Game Fish

Name	Relative Abundance
Largemouth Bass	Abundant
Chain Pickerel (Jackfish)	Common
Bluegill	Abundant
Warmouth	Abundant
Dollar Sunfish	Common

Non-Game Fish

Yellow Cat (Butter Cat)	Common
Bowfin (Mudfish, Blackfish)	Common
Eastern Chubsucker (Pond Sucker)	Abundant
Spotted Gar	Occasional

PINE LOG CREEK

Page after page could be written describing the numerous moods of Pine Log Creek, for its inky waters assume many forms on the often interrupted course to join the Choctawhatchee. Shallow runs, open lakes, and quiet swamps all have their place in Pine Log, but of these, lakes appear to dominate the situation. They also dominate the fishing with cypress swamps running a close second. The shallow edges around snags and tree tops where bass, bluegills, warmouth, and crappie concentrate; are considered choice fishing spots. During the warm months red worms, crickets, and catalpas take bream, while bass and pickerel bite artificial lures and live shiners.

When chilly weather moves in, live shiners are used to catch the abundant black crappies. Tasty warmouth, which gather near the bottom in deep holes, also help fill winter strings; a well weighted line baited with worms will tempt many healthy specimens.

Date of Survey: 1958.

Length: Intermittently for approximately 28 miles.

Location: Washington and Bay Counties, Florida.

Aquatic Vegetation: Wild Rice, Yellow Water Lily, Pickerel Weed, White Water Lily, Maiden Cane.

Bottom Type: For the most part mud, except in the fast runs which have sandy bottoms.

Accessibility and Availability: There are no good public access points on Pine Log. Some of the fish camps have sand landings where a moderate size boat can be unloaded.

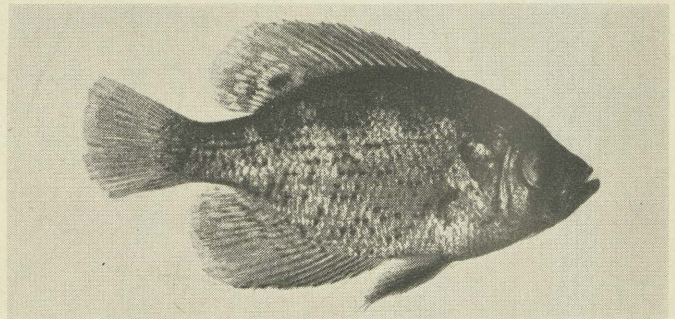
Fluctuation: Pine Log is unique when it comes to fluctuation for only under extreme weather conditions is there any noticeable change in the water level.

Fishing History: For many years Pine Log Creek has produced good stable fishing. Pan fish and bass have remained abundant for warm weather fishing and speckled perch provide excellent winter fishing.

Best Fishing Sites: In the open waters adjacent to the cypress swamps and grass beds.



Pine Log Creek assumes many forms — shallow runs, open lakes and quiet swamps — on its course to the Choctawhatchee River.



The Round Flier, cousin to the Bluegill, is common throughout Pine Log Creek.

CATCHABLE FISH PRESENT

Game Fish

Name	Relative Abundance
Largemouth Bass	Common
Chain Pickerel (Jackfish)	Common
Bluegill	Abundant
Warmouth	Extremely Abundant
Shellcracker	Occasional
Stumpknocker	Occasional
Long-ear Sunfish (Chinkapin Bream)	Occasional
Round Flier	Common
Dollar Sunfish	Common
Speckled Perch (Black Crappie)	Abundant

Non-Game Fish

Channel Cat	Occasional
Yellow Cat (Butter Cat)	Abundant
Eastern Chubsucker	Extremely Abundant
Blacktail Redhorse	Common
Spotted Sucker	Common
Bowfin (Blackfish, Mudfish)	Abundant
Longnose Gar	Common
Spotted Gar	Common
Alligator Gar	Occasional



Dunford Pond is recognized as one of the best all-around lakes in northwest Florida, widely known for good fishing and scenic beauty.



Large populations of Largemouth Bass and Speckled Perch lurk around the snags and grass beds of Dunford Pond.

WAGES POND

This shallow lake has been drastically affected from time to time by changing water levels. Being only 12 feet in the deepest portion, it presents an easy victim for dry spells. Population samples taken revealed that the most common fish is the yellow cat, which is well suited to withstand these fluctuations. It composes 73 percent of the total population. Bluegills are also present in fair numbers and are caught best with worms and crickets. During the hot weather when the shallow water warms up fish take to the deeper holes, where they should be found concentrated in cooler water.

Date of Survey: 1958.

Size: 166 acres.

Location: Washington County, Florida. Approximately 8½ miles south of Wausau, Florida.

Water Color: Slightly stained.

Aquatic Vegetation: Maiden Cane, White Water Lily, St. John's Wort, Cut Grass, Bladder Wort, Pickerel Weed.

Bottom Type: Mud and silt.

Accessibility and Availability: Approximately 4½ miles of unimproved sand road. Landing also unimproved and rough.

Fluctuation: Moderate normally, but relies on local precipitation for water supply.

Fishing History: As in most cases it was exceptional before the dry period. Bluegills and warmouth were very plentiful.

Best Fishing Areas: No special areas. All parts produce ample fish.

CATCHABLE FISH PRESENT

Game Fish

Name	Relative Abundance
Largemouth Bass	Common
Chain Pickerel (Jackfish)	Occasional
Bluegill	Abundant

Non-Game Fish

Yellow Cat (Butter Cat)	Extremely Abundant
Spotted Gar	Occasional

DUNFORD POND

This splendid lake is widely recognized as one of the best all-around lakes in Northwest Florida. Its reputation for good fishing and beauty has spread to Alabama and Georgia for anglers from these two states equal and at times outnumber resident fishermen.

Heavily mossed cypress trees with swollen trunks form watery islands here and there throughout the lake. These islands combined with numerous grass beds, not only add to the already attractive scenery, but provide an unusually large fishing area for the amount of water.

One of the glowing phases in Dunford Pond's reputation is its winter fishing. In December, January, and February when catches in most other lakes drop off, Dunford Pond is in full swing. The old reliable earthworm is abandoned for a pail of lively shiners, which tempt speckled perch, bass, and pickerel lurking around snags and grass beds. As the warmer months roll around, the earthworms are once again used to bring in full strings of bluegill and warmouth.

Date of Survey: 1958.

Size: 204 acres.

Location: Washington County, Florida. Approximately 5 miles south of Vernon, Florida.

Water Color: Highly stained.

Aquatic Vegetation: White Water Lily, Maiden Cane, Bladder Wort, St. John's Wort.

Bottom Type: Sand around shore, mud and vegetable matter in deeper areas.

Depth: The north end of Dunford is shallow with an
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average depth of 10 feet. The depth increases until it reaches 26 feet at the south end.

Fluctuation: This is a stable pond with very little fluctuation. Only during extended periods of rain or drought does it fluctuate over a foot.

Accessibility and Availability: There are two landings present both of which are sand. Roads are mostly ungraded sand. There are boats for rent (see map).

Fishing History: This stable lake has remained good throughout the years. Bass, bluegill, and speckled perch are all present, offering year round fishing.

Best Fishing Areas: The shallow grassy areas and cypress sloughs in the north end and around the large cypress island.

CATCHABLE FISH PRESENT

Game Fish

Name	Relative Abundance
Largemouth Bass	Abundant
Chain Pickerel (Jackfish)	Common
Bluegill	Extremely Abundant
Warmouth	Extremely Abundant
Dollar Sunfish	Extremely Abundant
Black Crappie	Common

Non-Game Fish

Yellow Cat (Butter Cat)	Common
Eastern Chubsucker (Pond Sucker)	Abundant

HICKS POND

Although the dry period ended a few years back, this lake is still struggling to regain its place among the respected fishing lakes in the area. The process is slowed because Hicks Pond has no direct water supply.

While still lacking the water it should have, Hicks Pond has acquired a fresh and abundant population of fish. Samples revealed ample numbers of bream, bass, and pickerel. The most striking find was the large number of chain pickerel present. These cold water fighters are always hungry and willing to accept an offering of live or artificial bait.

We feel that although it has lost much of the natural beauty offered by a well filled body of water, this lake is coming into its own once again to promise much sport and table fish for fishermen frequenting its waters.

Date of Survey: 1958.

Size: 312 acres.

Location: Washington County, Florida. Approximately 5 miles south of Vernon, Florida.

Water Color: Colorless.

Aquatic Vegetation: White Water Lily, St. John's Wort, Cut Grass, Maiden Cane.

Bottom Type: Sand.

Depth: It is still shallow in most areas. The north shore is the deepest part with depths reaching 16 feet.



Most striking find at Hicks Pond was the large numbers of Chain Pickerel, large fish at left and two smaller ones second from right. Bass and Bream are also present in ample numbers.

Accessibility and Availability: Approximately 4 miles of sand road. Three miles of which are ungraded. Landings are too shallow to launch big boats.

Fluctuation: Subject to moderate fluctuation during normal times. Short dry spells cause a drop in water level. It is still far below the normal standing level.

Fishing History: Very good before going dry. It has been improving steadily as the water returned.

Best Fishing Areas: No real hot areas. The north shore is deeper and probably produces more fish.

CATCHABLE FISH PRESENT

Game Fish

Name	Relative Abundance
Largemouth Bass	Common
Chain Pickerel (Jackfish)	Extremely Abundant
Bluegill	Abundant
Warmouth	Common
Dollar Sunfish	Abundant
Black Crappie	Rare

Non-Game Fish

Eastern Chubsucker (Pond Sucker)	Common
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(To Be Concluded Next Month)

GRUNT 'EM UP



By MAURICE NAGGIAR

CATABA WORMS ARE GREAT fish bait. There is not much chance of an argument on that score. Bream often go berserk over a succulent fresh water shrimp. The 'gator flea and the cricket are frequently red hot producers. But like a great many other devotees of the bluegill, shell-cracker, stumpknocker, and other warm water scrappers, if I should be restricted to only one kind of bait, the lowly earthworm would be my choice.

Once upon a time whenever I got fish hungry I would grab up a worm digging shovel and head for the edge of the swamp or into a nearby bay-head or hammock. Every fishing trip was preceded by an hour or so of shovel work. It was, that is unless I happened to have a spare six bits or a dollar rattling around in my pocket to buy the bait. But that was before I learned about the art of grunting 'em up. It happened one day when I was ramming around in the big Apalachicola swamp of north-western Florida.

Working the scull oar as quietly as possible, I eased the bateau down-current through the brushy tunnel that marked the course of the narrow, swamp-born creek. The sound was becoming more distinct now—*grum-m-m scre-e-p, grum-m-m scre-e-p, grum-m-m scre-e-p*—over and

over in monotonous discordance. The racket consisted of a deep-throated grunting rumble followed by a muted screech of rising inflection as though of some creature in abject terror or mortal pain.

Then under the combined urgings of current and scull oar, the boat swung around a sharp bend in the creek and I confronted, at spitting distance, the source of that unearthly racket. No panther, nor bear, nor stricken porker, nor demon of the swamp greeted my eyes. I beheld, crouched on the ground, the figure of "Cappy" Hathcock, expert woodsman, trapper of 'coon and otter, and fisherman deluxe.

I ran the bateau up against the bank, climbed out, and stood watching the show in bewildered fascination. Back and forth in slow, measured cadence, "Cappy" rubbed the flat side of an axe over a dry hardwood stake driven into the soil.

He peered this way and that as he worked, obviously expecting something to happen. Then I spotted a large earthworm writhing about on the ground, then another and another until there were a dozen or more squirming about. "Cappy" stopped and began picking up the worms.

"Beats digging them," he grinned at my query. "You can get a week's



"Cappy" Hathcock at work with the worm grunter.

supply in a couple of hours and never turn a spade full of dirt."

That was my introduction to the time honored Cracker art of worm "grunting." Since then I do all of my fish bait gathering with an 18-inch length of dry oak and a hatchet. The technique is simplicity itself.

Select a spot where you know worms are to be found. Drive the stake into the ground until only four or five inches remain above the surface. Take the axe or hatchet in hand and with long, even strokes work the flat side of the blade back and forth. Within three or four minutes, the worms will begin to show on the surface. Keep up the "grunting" for another couple of minutes, then begin picking up your bait. You can do it alone but if you have a partner along, he can pick up worms while you continue playing the tune. After you have "grunted" out one spot, move on fifty yards or so and begin the process again. The range of the "grunter" varies with the conditions but a circular area of 20 feet in diameter will probably hit the average. It works every place I have ever tried it and that is quite a few.

Maybe, like "Cappy" says, after the worms have listened to a few minutes of that infernal screeching, their will to resist capture is just plain crushed and they give up, hoping for a more peaceful demise. ●

MANAGEMENT

FOR MALLARDS

The mallards turned
to the sound of the call,
circled once as they heard the
come-on call — and glided downward.

MONTHS OF WAITING AND PLANNING were in the past, and the promised moment had arrived as the check station attendant unlocked the door of the check station. The hunters left the warmth of a fire they had built hours ago and lined up in the doorway of the Station. Removing gloves and unbuttoning jackets, the hunters extended hunting licenses and management area permits as they anxiously awaited their turn to be checked in for the opening day of the duck season on the Apalachee Wildlife Management Area.

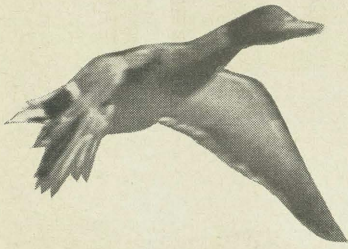
A half hour after opening, the station was deserted except for the station attendant and a wildlife biologist and his assistant, who were busy making a rapid tabulation of the morning's hunters. From the check station, the headlights of the hunters' vehicles could be seen across the fields and appeared as so many brilliant fingers feeling their way through the darkness.

Bill Tolbert and his shooting companion, Ed Pipkin,

had left the graded road and by winding through the woods arrived at an open body of water, where they hastily removed a pirogue from the top of their car. Later, having loaded the boat with decoys, guns and shells and hiding the car under the nearby branches of a liveoak, they lifted pushpole and paddle to slip silently through a mass of watershield and bonnets to a preselected location where they would hunt.

To the hunters, it was the golden moment; the decoys were out; the blind was a good one; the ducks were in and using this location; Rebel, the labrador, whined softly in anticipation of his first hunt. The hunters could not have explained or described the emotion they felt as they waited for the legal shooting time, but they could say that it was a good feeling, a healthy feeling.

The predawn stillness was broken by the high-pitched whistle of widgeon, followed by the soul-stirring wisp-wisp-wisp of wings as they passed over-



To the hunters it was the end of waiting and the start of hunting. To the biologists it was the end of working and the start of harvest.

head. The time had arrived, the time to shoot. Ed placed his call to his mouth and erupted with the long notes of the high ball as a flock of mallards became silhouetted against the red-tinged skyline of the east. The mallards turned to the sound of the call, circled once as Bill joined in with a come-on call. The mallards threw back their wings, extended their feet and dropped in toward the deceptive decoys. On the command of "take them," both hunters rose to their feet, selected a target, and with a rapid swing of the gun, subconsciously calculated the proper lead to squeeze off their first shot of the season. The guttural bark of Bill's twelve bore, mingled with the popping of Ed's twenty gauge, was joined shortly by two distinct splashes as a drake and a hen hit the water.

Back at the check station, the reports of Bill's and Ed's guns were soon joined by the sound of other guns from other ponds. "Well, there they go," game management specialist Glynn Ivey remarked, as he and Wildlife Biologist Wayne Murray stepped outside. Standing outdoors in the lee of the check station, the two men watched wave after wave of waterfowl wind their way from the waters of Lake Seminole toward the numerous ponds and potholes where they would feed during the first hours of morning.

The early flight of waterfowl soon mingled with flocks of crows, heading for a nearby corn field. The harmonious sounds of morning and the sounds of guns mixed with the occasional honking of the captive geese on the refuge island as they called to their cousins in the lake.

To the hunters, it was the end of waiting and the start of hunting. To the biologist and specialist, it was the end of working and the start of the harvest.

The eight ducks that Bill and Ed killed that morning did not just happen. The whistle of the widgeon that made the hunters hold their breath did not just happen. The wave after wave of waterfowl that roosted on Lake Seminole and fed on the various ponds and potholes did not just happen. The entire movement was a carefully planned operation, an operation that started many years ago with a study of Florida's waterfowl population, habitats and management. A study that

provided the necessary information regarding land use and its management for waterfowl. A study that embraced soil, climate, water quality, vegetation and many other factors essential for the management of waterfowl. The operation was more than study, it was work. Work that included mapping, surveying, ditching, diking, water fluctuation and farming.

The effects of this study were incorporated into a practical management operation that resulted in Bill and Ed filling their legal bag on the opening day of duck season. The hot summer hours that Glynn Ivey spent on the tractor were not wasted hours; they resulted in a crop of millet, chufas and other foods designed to fill the empty gizzard of hungry waterfowl.

The entire operation is what the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission calls wildlife management, but to the duck hunters using the Apalachee and other areas, it is simply Mallard Management.

As a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, wintering grounds for migratory waterfowl is as important to the well-being of the vast concentrations of birds that visit the south as the breeding grounds in the north from which they come. The entire Atlantic flyway has various flyway refuges and management

(Continued on Next Page)

Ed Pipkins, a Panama City duck hunter, extends two of his four ducks to Game Management Specialist Glynn Ivey for inspection.

Photos By Jim Floyd



(Continued from Preceding Page)

areas which are designed to serve as motels for migrating waterfowl, affording them the essential food and rest. Ample water, cover and successful breeding does little for the continuation of duck hunting and waterfowling if there is not sufficient areas with the necessary water, cover and food in the wintering grounds.

Besides affording waterfowl places to spend the winter and duck hunters with an opportunity to hunt, management areas and refuges also provide unparalleled opportunities for research. Here have been learned the valuable lessons which have enabled wildlife people to better understand the problems of successful management and harvest of wildlife.

Water, food, protection and cover are the prime essentials in maintaining wildlife. If sufficient water is not available, it can sometimes be supplied by the construction of canals, dikes and dams. If cattails and rushes take the place of vital millet and smartweed, they must be uprooted or spray-killed and plantings made of the better food elements. Often times barren bodies of water can be made to support aquatic vegetation such as watershield or widgeon grass which in turn provides the necessary food in the chain of basic requirements for waterfowl.

The wildlife biologists have found a number of by-products resulting from the management of waterfowl on the various management areas in Florida, and thus have learned again the age-old fundamental truth that each one of our natural resources—forests, soil, water and wildlife—are all interrelated and bound up with one another to maintain the balance of nature. Waterfowl management areas invariably attract other wildlife. The Apalachee area affords top-notch quail hunting, due in part to a successful controlled burning program conducted on the area and the food-planting program for geese. The Guano Management area affords some of the best fresh water fishing to be found anywhere in its general vicinity.

The Apalachee area is a wildlife management area of approximately 8,300 acres, located three miles north of Sneads on the western side of the Jim Woodruff Reservoir in Jackson County. This area is primarily a waterfowl management area; and, at first glance, even the uninitiated can visualize the sky filled with a vast multitude of waterfowl, as approximately two-thirds of the surface acreage of this area is water.

The eastern portion of the area is largely open water created by the Jim Woodruff Reservoir. Much of this open water is actually flooded timberland and provides excellent cover and resting areas for the migratory waterfowl. This same flooded timbered area affords some top-notch jump shooting for the hunter



In mallard management, a desirable pond is selected, the water lowered and the shore line is planted with small grains such as millet.

who is adept at silently paddling or poling a boat through the stands of dead timber.

The western half of the area is largely land area; however, the topography here is broken by shallow water arms and sloughs from the larger lake as well as numerous ponds, depressions and potholes. While the eastern portion of the area contains the largest water areas, it is these ponds, potholes and sloughs that receive maximum mallard management.

An intricate system of connecting ditches and dams between the various ponds and sloughs allows the water level of the individual bodies of water to be raised and lowered through a series of control structures and water pumping stations. A desirable pond is selected, the water lowered and the shore line planted with small grains such as millet, smartweed and chufas. After a growing season and prior to the arrival of the migratory waterfowl, the water structures are opened and the planted areas flooded as water pours through a control valve or is pumped into the planted areas, thereby providing additional water and the necessary food.



Photos By Jim Floyd

Water, food, protection and cover are the prime essentials in maintaining wildfowl. Glynn Ivey inspects chufa planting on Apalachee Area.

To complete the basic essentials of wildlife management, each waterfowl management area has in addition to the regular hunting rules and regulations, special regulations to govern the controlled hunting. These regulations are rigidly enforced and designed to provide an ample harvest of the waterfowl, at the same time allowing a maximum of undisturbed movement.

The Apalachee area provided an open season starting December 3rd through January 8th. Hunting was permitted on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays with the area closed to hunting at all other times. Certain areas on the Apalachee were set aside as refuge areas and closed to hunting at all times.

The Guano River Wildlife Management Area, located south of Jacksonville and north of St. Augustine alongside Highway A1A, is one of Florida's newest wildlife management areas. The Guano area, like the Apalachee, is primarily a waterfowl management area.

Created by a dam and control structure on the Guano River, the area is actually a lake ten miles long and approximately two miles wide including the flooded low lands. These flooded low lands average in

depth from six inches to two feet and provide excellent feeding areas for both diving ducks and dabblers.

Bordered on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, the Guano area provides the first resting and feeding areas to be found in Florida by waterfowl migrating along the Atlantic Coast Line. The Guano area is to the waterfowl a refreshing bit of wilderness and water with abundant food and cover after many miles of endless sand dunes, surf, and housing developments.

The Guano area has a unique water control structure that allows not only for the retention of the sweet fresh waters of the Guano River but also provides for the intake of the salty brackish waters from the ocean. This brackish water is essential to the growth of the widgeon grass which covers the bottom of the lower portion of the impoundment. The Guano is unusual in so far as reservoirs go in that it provides excellent marine or salt water fishing on the lower portion and top-notch fresh water fishing on the northern portion.

The Guano will be open to hunters for the first time this year on a limited basis and under controlled measures. The area will open December 3rd through January 8th with hunting permitted from one half hour before sunrise to 12:00 noon on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays. The area will be open to one hundred hunters per day.

Hunting will be permitted only on that portion of the area known as the Guano River Impoundment except that certain areas of the impoundment designated as refuge will be closed. These refuge areas are established in order to provide the waterfowl with an area of escape from the pressure of the guns. The fortunate one hundred hunters per day that hunt this area must make application for their special waterfowl hunting permit months in advance.

Special regulations in effect at the waterfowl management areas are sometimes confusing to the average hunter. Why all the checking in and checking out; why the punching of management area permits; why does the biologist at the check station want the wings and entrails of the various ducks killed? The truth of the matter is that while the wings and entrails might not mean much to the hunter, these items contain a wealth of information for the biologist. The wings, for instance, identify the species and general age of the duck; the entrails indicate the diet of the duck. The punching in and punching out and numerous reports indicate hunting pressure, hunting success and man hours of hunting. While it is confusing, conflicting, time consuming and beyond the comprehension of the average hunter, it is not only important but essential for the continuation and successful operation of management for mallards. ●

WILDLIFE IS WEALTH (Continued from Page 13)
that one in every four Florida citizens age 12 and over either fishes or hunts.

What Are Fishing Licenses Worth?

In cash receipts, the sale of fresh-water fishing licenses both resident and non-resident amounted to \$920,206.50 in 1958-59. This, however, does not end the license cycle as Florida receives Federal Aid money for fish management and fish restoration in direct proportion to the number of fishing licenses sold and the total geographical area of the state.

What Are Hunting Licenses Worth?

Total revenue from hunting licenses in 1958-59 was \$816,633.50 for 161,172 license buyers. There is Federal Aid to game management in Florida.

What Is Federal Aid?

Federal Aid, in the form of Dingle-Johnson and Pittman-Robertson money, is the results of a federal excise tax on sporting arms and ammunition and fishing tackle. This money is ear-marked for return to the various states for use in fish and game management programs. This return of Federal tax money is in proportion to the number of licensed hunters and fishermen and geographical area of the state.

What About Duck Stamp Money?

In order to hunt ducks and geese you are required to obtain a Federal Duck Stamp. This stamp must be attached to your hunting license, and costs the hunter three dollars. The money received from the sale of duck stamps is earmarked for the purchase of waterfowl breeding and wintering grounds. Unfortunately, this money cannot be spent in Florida for wintering grounds as there is a law in Florida which prohibits the Federal Government from purchasing lands in Florida.

How Much Does A Hunter Spend?

The nation-wide survey indicates that the typical hunter spent \$91.98 and hunted a total of eight and one half days. This is probably higher in Florida, as the typical hunter spends more than eight and one half days in the fields.

How Much Does A Fisherman Spend?

The same survey indicates that the typical fisherman spent \$79.49 and fished a total of nine and one half days. This also is probably higher in Florida due to availability of good fishing waters.

How Much Does This Fishing And Hunting Amount To?

Using these percentages, and basing the amount only on the licensed fishermen and hunters, Florida fishing and hunting is valued at around \$600,000.00 annually. This does not include the unlicensed fisher-

men, the salt water fishermen, and the hunter and fisherman exempt from license requirements.

What Is This Money Spent For?

Fishing and hunting licenses, hunting permits, waterfowl stamps, guns and fishing tackle, boats, motors, transportation, clothing, lodging, guides, decoys and other specialized equipment, dogs and dog care, and many other items.

How Much Is A Deer Worth?

If you had to buy a live deer from a legal source, a buck deer would cost about \$225.00. A brace of quail shot in a commercial preserve costs \$5.00. Alligator hides bring a market price of \$2.50 to \$3.50 per foot. A bobcat sells for \$15.00, or more. A hunter spends about \$400.00 to take one bear, or about \$178 to harvest one deer. No one can place a dollar-cost on the esthetic values of just seeing a beautiful buck deer in the early morning, or hearing the strike of a black bass in the late evening

What Is The Conclusion?

The conclusion is simple: Wildlife is Wealth. It is the wealth of our state and our nation. Therefore, it is the duty of everyone to guard against its waste by conserving and wisely using all valuable natural resources. ●



DOG CHATTER



BY
GEORGE
CROWLEY

MOST OF US ARE inclined to take it as easy as possible and enjoy life with the least expenditure of energy. And, the vast majority of us apply this same philosophy in caring for our sporting dogs. This, of course, is neither fair to the dogs nor ourselves. We may keep in good physical condition by swimming, golfing, fishing or some other form of exercise—but we are not treating our dogs right when we leave them in the kennel to laze around and let their muscles grow flabby. There is no reason for this because there are many enjoyable pastimes our dogs can share with us, with physical and mental profit to both.

The average hunting dog needs something to do “year-round,” just as his owner does. Make it a point to have a regular schedule in which you can brush up your pointing dog, spaniel, or retriever, in his retrieving department. A lesson of this type, four or five times a week, can go a long way toward making him the polished retriever he should be. Short periods of this work can be made into a sort of game toward which he will look forward with pleasure—and he’ll be getting his much needed exercise through this medium.

If you have access to a good lake, pond, or stream, your retriever will enjoy a daily swim and it will be fun for you to enjoy it with him. Spaniels like water work very much and even your pointing dogs and hounds enjoy the pleasures of a playful swim or a romp in the shallows. All this will help in keeping their muscles hardened against the day when they will again be called on to turn in a good job afield in serious hunting.

Make each hour of your fun-fest pay off in pleasure and profit for

both you and your dog. You’ll find it great fun.

What A Judge Wants

Often dog judges are asked to address kennel club meetings on “What a Judge Wants of a Dog in the Show Ring.”

The organization of those speeches, and the details that fill them, vary as widely as the judges who make them and the audiences to which they are addressed. But an over-all analysis finds that the gist of them all boils down finally to this:

The judge wants every dog that enters his ring to be (a) a typically representative specimen of its breed; (b) in prime physical condition; and (c) amiable, alert, and well-behaved.

These are exactly the same requirements that any responsible one-dog owner wants his household guardian or family pet to fulfill, whether there is any chance that the dog will ever see a show or not.

Even if the family dog is a cross-bred so it cannot fulfill the judge’s requirement “(a)”, this dog’s owners want it to be a pleasure to the beholder’s eye; to be healthy, clean,

alert and muscularly sound with its coat in prime condition; and its behavior not the sort that disgraces the family it lives with.

Ordinary daily care and attention—almost exactly similar to that which the children in any normal family receive—is enough to assure that any household dog will fulfill those requirements.

But, sad to note, statistics maintained by the National Dog Welfare Guild indicate there are millions of dogs in the country who just aren’t getting that needed care. And as a result they are neither a credit to their owners, their breed nor themselves.

Unfortunately, a dog can’t care for himself.

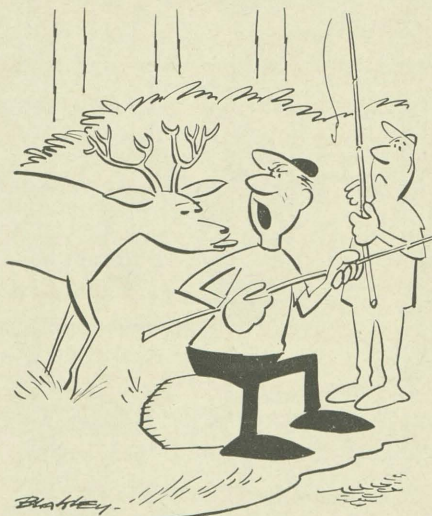
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Have you ever noticed that newspaper items about dogs seem sometimes to run in cycles. For some time there may seem to be a run of reports on dog heroes. Then every dog in America will seem to be getting in trouble. And then perhaps my news clips will all seem to be reporting long treks by lost dogs returning home.

Here are a few items that can be classified as miscellany. For instance:

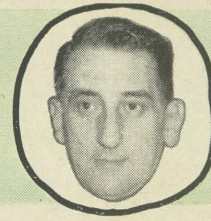
As the football season was closing, a dog in Baltimore, Md., took out after the ball carrier in a high school game, tripped him, and prevented a touchdown.

In Lakewood, Calif., Prince limped home, walked into the living room and took his favorite spot by the window. There he lay down, rolled over and went to sleep. Which would not have been newsworthy except that Prince had been gone for two years, and a veterinarian who examined him said he appeared to have walked “hundreds of miles.” ●



“Somehow they always know when the hunting season is over.”

CAMPING AND COOKING



BY
LOU
MUSSLER

AN ACCESSORY WHICH SERVES many useful purposes is the modified tarpaulin. Shown in the illustrations are some of the few shelter type "tents" for the individual—or the couple away from the "base" campsite.

I've indicated a size which I believe covers a lot of ground, to corn things somewhat. A 10'6" square piece of light canvas treated duck may be modified as shown—or as some objections might be raised to the grommets another modification is just as good—sewing the tie straps through reinforced slits.

Either way does the job—and the reason I've shown the grommets is simply because I've had occasion where hooking the tarp to an object was favored over using the tie straps. In some cases it may be suspended from hooks or nails when used as a windshield or perhaps an overhang cover of sorts.

The tarp may be used as an auxiliary tent floor, to cover your trailer, boat, car-top carrier, wind break, tent fly, tent canopy, bath house where privacy is indicated, pack supplies, or a hundred other uses.

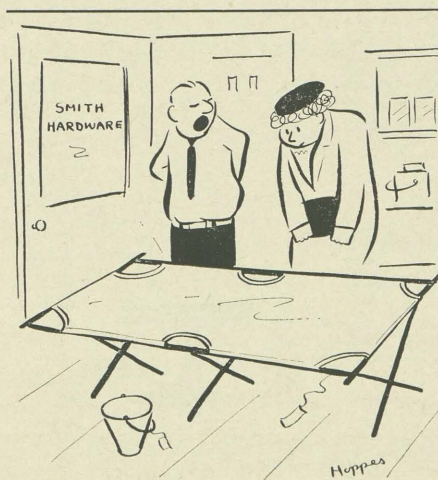
Caution should be exercised in your selection of this type tarpaulin if you're intending it for a one-man shelter. Since canvas weights increase sharply for heavy-duty usage be certain your tarpaulin is within the under-ten-pound class. By this I mean you should not consider something for individual carry which exceeds the ten pound factor—although there may be some Paul Bunyan's who can tote double what us weaklings can.

Also consider another lighter shelter, provided you use it strictly as a shelter and not for heavy duty use. That is the cambric lightweight material—proofed and in the same size including rope and tie straps this featherweight goes but 3½ pounds!

Include with this all-purpose tarpaulin about 30 feet of ¼" manila or similar size line. Few individuals using this type shelter pack any pins—despite the near-featherweight aluminum type available. Plenty of ways and means to secure this without carrying pins—or even a pole for that matter.

The fastenings you add (if you modify your own) should always be sewn with heavy thread and through double canvas. Tie strap loops or grommet straps should also have an additional canvas sewn double underneath. Check for double thread rows along your outside seams, and especially where objects have been sewn on corners or where strain is apt to cause a tear. And for good measure "X" sew the tie or loop straps.

Shelter tarps will give added life if you give it proper care. When storing, always roll tight and uncreased over a wooden rod such as two broomsticks spliced together. Never fold any tarpaulin. Rolling adds two to three times extra life because it does not break down threads at folded area. And to back-track, *before* you store—make sure you've cleaned and dried the canvas thoroughly!



"I'm sorry lady: we don't have candy-striped
FOAM rubber canvas!"

Recently some friends dropped in from Chicago—and we got to discussing this turkey business for the Thanksgiving, Christmas and other holidays. Whereupon I got to wondering if many folks never heard of turkey for the holiday table—leastwise we never did. Until just a few years before the '30's our holiday fare *always* was roast goose—usually a wild one.

When the honkers got scarce we still had roast goose—and I can remember my grandfather grabbing the axe while us kids watched him pick out the one my grandmother had selected to grace our table.

Selected? You bet! I can still see her s'anding on the stoop of the summer kitchen, hands under her ever present apron shouting directions to grandpa.

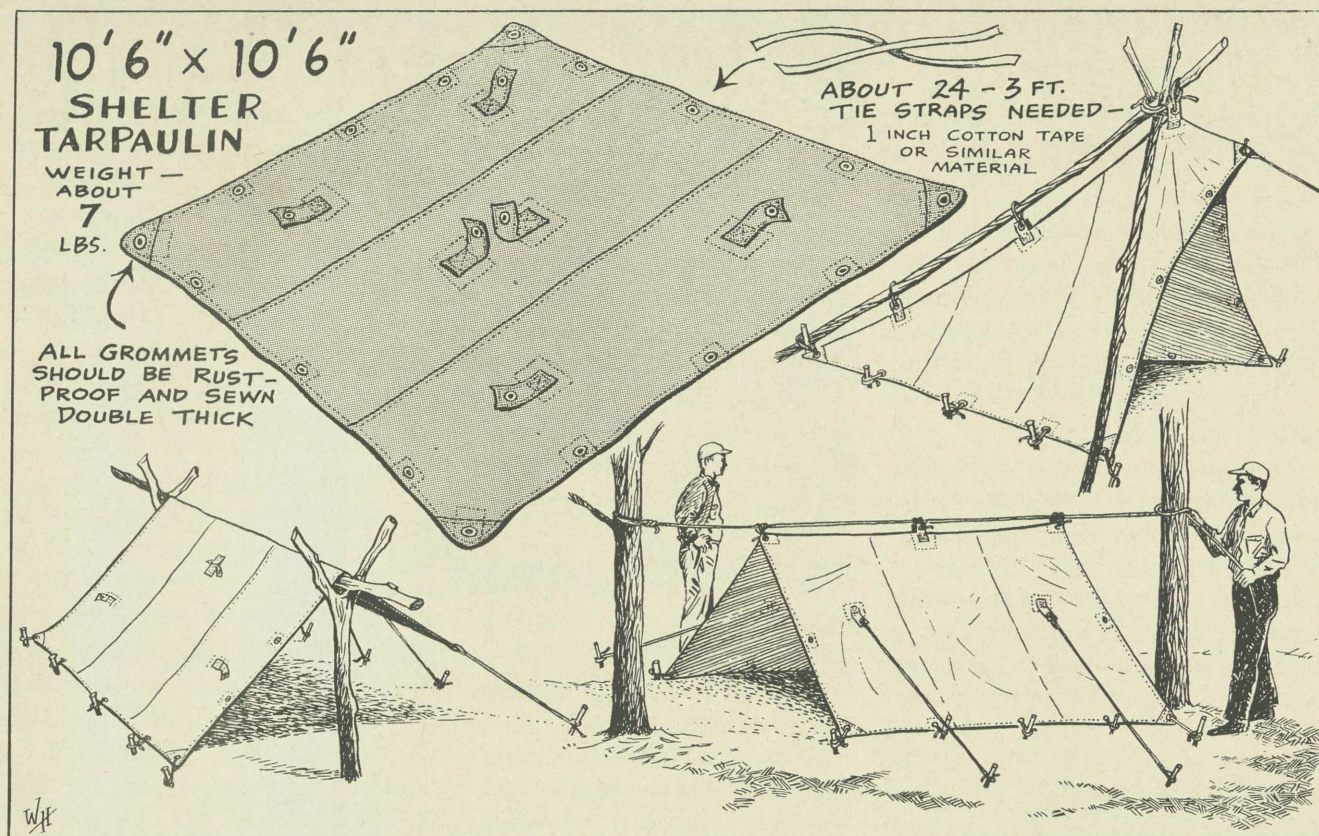
"Not him, we'll save him for the new broods—that mean feller with his head by the lean-post—the one hissing at you!" And with a "shoo" she'd stir the fired summer kitchen stove, pot aboiling—and it was a big one—then we'd all sit around while she picked the bird. Sometimes helping sort the various size feather—more often messing things where another "shoo" would scatter us to other places.

I'd like to pass on one of my grandmothers wild goose recipes—and it's original—in her handwriting. Somehow whatever she wished to save always found a place in the family Bible—and many years ago this was one of the prized things she bequeathed me.

I'll tell you the recipe just as she set it down:

Goose—big one. Not less than 15 pounds. This is for barnyard ones. Wild goose never much over ten pounds or too tough.

So take good 8-pound bird. Clean



like wild duck, and be sure water is scalding. Dip fast three-four-five times. Pull out quick, and first take down feathers be sure not to rip. Starch fingers or wax for feathers not to stick to fingers.

Mark down: One lemon rind, not sugary one. Grate medium and sprinkle bird inside and out. Rub with salt, pepper, and a pinch of thyme. Take some good sour apples and some apricots if good and dry and grate. Two big cups bread crumbs, rye bread with seeds and hard crusts best. Put in big bowl all above with 1-cup sweet butter,

¼ chopped onion fine, ½ cup cut hazel nuts, mix with 1 duck egg or two chicken eggs with some bacon grease bottom. (Ed. note: She meant the brown "leavings" which settle to the bottom of the bacon fat.) Do not beat, and not too dry or too wet. Like good ball when you press it together.

Stuff back and inside neck and sew with Clark's ONT heavy white or store cord. (White.) Use hickory skewers or apple limbs. Tie loose. (Ed. note: ?) Cook in good wood oven till not smoky. If smokes, open door and pull racks out half-

way and poke down wood away from oven side. Baste always with wooden spoon and don't splatter. Draw no grease until about done and then scoop in white cup and strain.

Save neck grease for colds. Gravy is made like other gravy except add some garden greens and lentils for thickening. Save bones and scraps for soup and don't feed to dogs.

That's it, folks—and by gosh I think I'd like some of that just now—but I don't think it'd taste the same as grandma's! ●

WILDLIFE BALANCE WHEEL (Continued from Page 10)

artist Wally Hughes framed to hang out at the Youth Conservation Camp. These sketches cover all types of Florida wildlife and have been published in the Florida Wildlife Magazine.

* * *

June 4-10 will be the training week for camp counselors. These counselors will be from other camps as well as the Youth Conservation

Camp and will be sent invitations to attend. The training program will entail learning about conservation of our natural resources, counseling, and campcraft. It is sponsored by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission and other related agencies.

The miniature scale model of the Youth Conservation Camp for South Florida is on display at headquarters office in Ocala. Anyone in the

area wishing to see what the camp will look like is most welcome to pay us a visit.

* * *

The Girl Scout training program for Camp Wildlife, Inc., for Girl Scouts in the Central Region will have their period during August 6-12. They will continue with a two-week program for Girl Scouts. This will be their Fourth Annual summer encampment at the Youth Conservation Camp. ●

FLORIDA CLUB NEWS

(Continued from Page 5)

tenth grade. Between 500 and 600 students are involved.

Joe Carter, a veteran of hunter safety instruction, is the faculty director for the project, which is being conducted as part of the physical education program. The program is unusual in that few institutions have endeavored the training with such a large group.

Hunter safety classes in Florida are mainly the work of conservation groups and gun clubs in cooperation with the National Rifle Association. The Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission acts as administrator of the safety program and compiles accident figures for the NRA.

There is no compulsory hunter safety training in Florida as a prerequisite to the purchase of a hunting license. Hunter safety instructors must pass an NRA examination and are then certified annually. All instructors serve without pay. Instruction materials are provided by the NRA at nominal cost.

Hunter safety training is compulsory for juvenile purchasers of hunting licenses in a number of states.

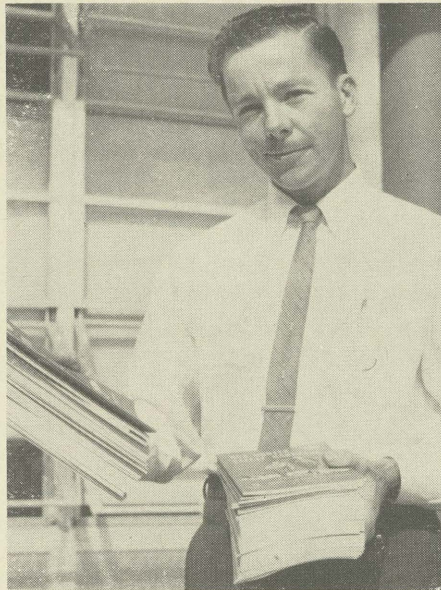
Wildlife Federation Changes

Several changes in the operating procedure of the Florida Wildlife Federation were announced following a recent executive meeting held in St. Cloud.

President Hubert W. Robertson announced that the state office of the Federation has been moved from 112 West Indiana, DeLand, to his residence at 1600 S.W. 4th Street, Ft. Lauderdale.

The office for the Awards & Scholarship Fund is being retained at DeLand although the executive meeting voted to provide no funds to maintain the DeLand office.

President Robertson has been named as representative to the National Wildlife Federation convention with Herb Alley as alternate.



Joe Carter of the Southwest Miami High School faculty, examines some of the materials to be used in the school's new hunter safety program.

Federation Newsletter

A mimeographed newsletter for clubs and conservation agencies is being prepared by President Hubert W. Robertson of the Florida Wildlife Federation. It made its first appearance in December. Mr. Robertson explained that the "paper" will carry club news, matters of interest to conservationists and the policies of the Federation.

National Federation Changes

Louis S. Clapper has been named chief of the Division of Conservation Education of the National Wildlife Federation. Clapper has been a member of the staff since 1958 and has served as editor for Conservation News, the Conservation Report and press releases.

F. H. (Pete) Farrar of Atmore, Ala., continues as Southeastern Field Representative and his territory includes Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina and Florida.

Conservation Adviser Ernest F. Swift will continue to perform special assignments. Announcements of reorganization were made by Executive Director Thomas L. Kimball. ●

GAME MANAGEMENT NOTES

(Continued from Page 4)

amount of rooting done while feeding, the armadillo has been accused of doing much damage to ground nesting birds. Studies now underway by the Game Management Division and the Biology Department of the University of Florida will resolve this problem. A good sample of armadillos is being collected each month throughout its range and the stomach contents thoroughly analyzed. The resultant information will accurately reveal the armadillo's food habits on a year round basis in all important habitat types. At the same time, other studies utilizing trapping and marking will give valuable information on population densities, range, rate of movement, and population composition. Only with such knowledge can adequate management measures be devised and put into effect.

Browntop millet has received considerable use during the past year as a food plant for waterfowl, dove, quail, and turkey. It serves this purpose excellently, but as is the case of other food plants it must be properly managed to provide maximum benefits. Wildlife biologists of the Game Management Division have worked out necessary practices. For waterfowl, plantings must be made in locations which can be flooded to depths of three to 15 inches after the seed are mature. During the growing season the planting area should be kept dry. This procedure gives the greatest production and utilization. In the case of dove, it is most important that ample bare ground be maintained between the rows of millet so that the birds can feed freely. This can be achieved by two or three cultivations during the growing period to cut out weed and grass growth and by making the planting about 90 days prior to expected migration dates. Quail and turkey do not require such clear plantings as do dove, and prefer scattered pilots and strips. ●

BOATING



BY
DON
CULLIMORE

IT WAS AT AN IMPROMPTU bull-session, during the Florida Boating Federation meeting at Vero Beach in mid-November, that the talk turned to eradication methods for some of the pests that are becoming more or less common on the waterways.

The folk were inclined to favor an open season with no bag limit on such undesirable species as the Rooster-tailed Water Thrasher, Dim-Witted Boat Buzzer, Knot-headed Ski Splasher and Topsy Bottle-Bird. They were a trifle more lenient toward the Slow-footed Ramp Hog and the Channel-blocking Fishcatcher, feeling that these were somewhat less damaging and that their numbers could be curbed by increased attention to their breeding grounds.

These same pests and some of their companions, including the Addle-pated Dock Charger and the Waterborne Litter Bug, are the targets of a newly-produced film made by the Outboard Boating Club of America which is due to be released to clubs and other organizations sometime early in '61.

The OBC 16-mm. color-and-sound movie, titled "Upon These Waters . . ." shows boating bad manners at their worst—filmed last summer at Tennessee's Lake Chickamauga with the assistance of Chattanooga boating organizations, it depicts every transgression of sound boating, courtesy and safety rules. It does so in a swift-moving sequence of events that caused even this veteran boatman's remaining hairs to crackle a bit as they stood on end.

At the very least, the film is an excellent job of precision photography—along with precision boat-handling, required to put hair-raising realism into the scenes without actual damage or injury. As an attention-grabbing "shocker" it rates

high. More importantly, of course, the film carries an important message to boating enthusiasts: either take action from an educational standpoint to curb careless and exhibitionist boat driving and skiing, or face the alternative of increasingly restrictive laws and law enforcement.

Information and bookings on the film may be obtained by writing the Director of Public Relations, Outboard Boating Club of America, 307 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. It is 27 minutes in length.

The difficulty with educational safety and boat-handling campaigns, of course, is that they're mostly viewed by the people—particularly those in organized clubs—who already are safety-conscious, rather than by the waterborne pests. In some parts of the country the organized boatmen have worked out a co-operative campaign with enforcement agencies to combine water safety training with an intensified crack-down on obvious violators. At Phoenix, Ariz., the organized boating groups have formed a voluntary sheriff's posse, for example. In New York state, teen-age boaters are required to take a course in safety and boat-handling before they can qualify to drive a craft—there is no rigid examination, in the sense of test, just a requirement that the training

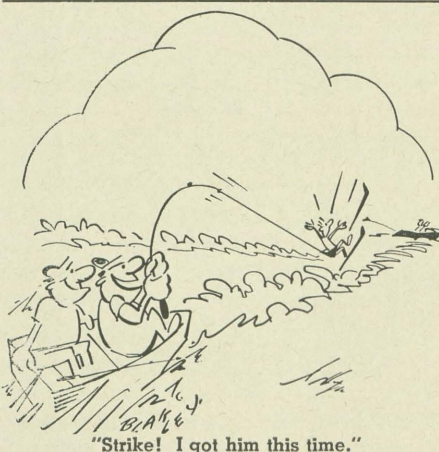
course be a requisite for driving a boat. At Jacksonville in Florida, a recently formed outboard dealer council is considering setting up a free training course which would provide basic information on a variety of subjects, including trailer safety, weather precautions and information on such allied topics as insurance coverage.

One thing is certain: the subject of boating is going to receive considerable attention in both federal and state legislative circles in the upcoming 1961 sessions. Many of the individual state laws were put through on somewhat of a "trial basis"—to give the states control of boating under the federal laws, with the thought that changes could be made after a year or so of experience.

This situation is true in Florida, and was one of the topics that was given considerable discussion at the Florida Boating Federation meeting.

Trevor Morris of the West Palm Beaches Boating Clubs, retiring president of the year-old organization, told the federation that its officers had submitted, on request, a general outline of suggested changes in taxation of boating to the Florida Legislature's Interim Committee on Taxation. A key point in this proposal is a request to exempt boating equipment from personal property taxes, applying to it the same single license/registration fee system that now is extended to motor vehicles. Similar action already has been taken in Colorado and Minnesota, among other states.

The federation delegates, representing boating organizations in some 20 Florida cities, elected officers for the coming year and turned over to its board of directors the task of drafting specific plans for a broad state-wide organizational campaign and legislative program. ●



"Strike! I got him this time."

AIR BOATING FOR BASS (Continued from Page 24)

hull, which would have made short work of my 8-pound line, but I snubbed him short and Sig netted him with a dexterous pass.

On the next cast, Sig was in action with a full-of-fight bass, who charged from beneath the mangroves to bust his surface lure almost as soon as it landed. They weren't reluctant, but their hiding place was unorthodox. Sig tussled him for a few minutes, checking several runs, before finally bringing him to the net. He went about two pounds, and he made every ounce count.

There were bass in Sig's hole all right, and they weren't too choosy about hitting. But they were laying way back under the mangroves taking advantage of the cover provided by the extra high water, and if you didn't stick your plug under the mangroves, you were just practice casting.

When we discovered this, we were in big business, and in less than an hour had two limits ranging from one to three pounds. We felt good. Fishing was good, but like all anglers we weren't satisfied.

During our pause for lunch, I queried Sig:

"This looks like good snook country. Is it?"

"Yeah," he replied. "Want to look for some?"

"Why not?" I answered. "You've proved your bass point—now how about some snook?"

"We'll try," he said. "Get set and we'll head for a different pothole."

However, the fishing gods weren't smiling on us on this side jaunt, for we couldn't raise a snook, probably because of the cold water and the weather, which Sig claimed had even slowed down the bass fishing. If two limits in about an hour is

slowed-down fishing, I certainly want to get back when the action's hot.

And I got my snooking wish the next time—although I didn't land anything but bass myself. But Sig and Art—the third man that trip—each latched onto a husky snook, one weighing six pounds, and the other eight, which rounded out our nice string of bass. And that's unorthodox bass fishing, too, for in the same waters I landed a two-pound bass, who acted like a snook.

There's no doubt that air boat bassing in the mangrove country is some of the most unorthodox fishing you can do. And it's also some of the hottest if you don't mind spicing your fishing trip with danger.

Am I going back? Certainly! Any time Sig needs an angling partner, he can count on me, and I'll count on the bass and snook displaying unorthodox fighting skills—that's air-boat fishing. ●

WRITER'S HOLIDAY (Continued from Page 21)

cooked Dixie Lily Ranch delicacies. Tommy Carr, Hardy Bryan, Jr., and Dr. Robert Koehler, all of St. Petersburg, were on hand and already piling their plates for second helpings. They, too, were at the ranch to shoot ducks and pheasants. We soon agreed to combine parties.

Early next morning we all opened the day's hunting with a try for ducks, taking numbered blinds around the perimeter of a sizeable lake.

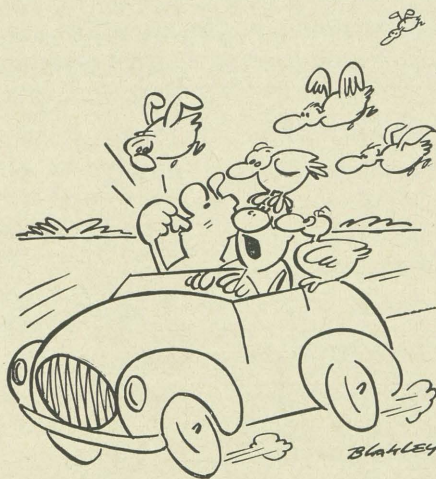
From a high tower release point half a mile away, mallards would come winging, four at a time—high, low, fast, or in curving flight, as mood suited them.

Most of the time they chose to come in fast and proved difficult targets. Around the lake guns boomed repeatedly as flight followed flight in rapid succession. Some guns were scoring; others were missing with exasperating regularity.

The type of shooting was made for me! Because of a peculiarity of vision, and long experience at shoot-

ing aerial targets with a .22, I shoot best when game is sharply silhouetted against unobstructed sky. For this reason—I believe—I proved deadly on the mallards (and later on pheasants), enjoying a very high percentage of kills for shells expended.

Additional flights were released until all guns had the allotted num-



"I wish you'd wait until we get to the blind before you try out that new call."

ber of birds. Because of the size of the party, the total bag made an impressive pile of fat mallards. Anyone seeing one of the photographs made that day, showing only a few members of the actual party standing beside a huge pile of ducks, will probably incorrectly class those pictured as game hogs!

The noon meal was spiced with a high hum of spontaneous conversation as highlights of the morning hunt were discussed across plates loaded with fried chicken and ranch-grown vegetables. At the time, we believed that no hunting we might do in the afternoon could possibly equal in excitement and fun the morning's duck flights. We were wrong!

When the dogs pointed the first pheasant of the afternoon hunt, every man in the long, wavering line was conscious of a high peak of tense anticipation. Because the pheasant is not native to Florida, although the nation's No. 1 game bird, the hunting was a first time experience for most members of the party. . . .

I proved to be the lucky man, for the first bird flushed directly ahead

FIELD TESTS AND TELLS

of my gun. It was a colorful cock pheasant. From a standing start, the bird's wing beat rocketed him into 40 mile per hour flight, climbing first, then levelling off sharply! I shot fast—and scored.

The next bird, another vivid-hued cock pheasant, also flushed in my zone, but I did not attempt the shot because he was so close when he came back over my head I could have almost touched him with my gun barrel. I let him go, and Red, on my left, turned and made another of his envied long shots, to make the score read "two hits, no misses."

As we walked across the high grass fields behind Jim, the guide, and his two dogs, we carefully maintained a moving line that kept all members of the party safely behind gun muzzles. If any man got ahead of the group, the entire line halted until the over-eager hunter could be signaled and returned to ranks. We also strictly observed zones of fire.

Some of us were lucky and had numerous chances to shoot; others of the party had not yet fired a shot, so Jim requested the hot guns to temporarily stop hunting, while he took the others in a fresh direction, on a re-organized hunt basis. They, too, soon had good shooting as located birds flushed singly and in exciting flights of as many as seven birds at one time.

Obviously, paid shooting preserves are an ideal way for private enterprise to give an assist to state and Federal agencies in meeting the hunting needs of an expanding population which is seeking more and more active outdoor recreation. Florida now has nine such preserves, with one or more within easy driving distance, no matter in what section of the state you might be.

If you're a busy professional man, or a shotgunner seeking a hunting location with an assured game population, any selection will provide the equivalent of our writers' holiday. You might even see us, for we are all going back over the circuit at the first opportunity. ●



To any FLORIDA WILDLIFE reader seriously interested in nature study—birds, mammals, reptiles and amphibians, flowers, insects, trees, stars, minerals, fishes and seashore forms of life—FWFT&T enthusiastically recommends the copiously illustrated (in full color) volumes in the Golden Nature Guide series of pocket-size books, available in paper cover bindings at \$1.00 each or in deluxe cloth editions with extra fine quality glossy paper at \$2.50 each. Most book stores and many of the larger newstands stock and the various titles represented by the series.

Each of the comprehensive and authoritative texts has been edited by Dr. Herbert S. Zim, authority on science education, in collaboration with experts. The encyclopedic series of titles makes a valuable reference library for the entire family.

Subject titles include Zoology, Birds, Flowers, Insects, Stars, Weather, Trees, Reptiles and Amphibians, Seashores, Mammals, Fishes, Rocks and Minerals and travel and nature guides, The American Southwest, The American Southeast, The Pacific Northwest and a new volume, The Everglades.

In addition, there is a volume on photography, bearing that title. In FWFT&T's opinion the pocket-size guide to practical amateur photography is one of the best texts of its kind so far compiled, published and sold at a low price. It is an ideal guide book for the person who knows little or nothing about photography, yet who wishes to take good pictures without having to wade through chapter after chapter of highly technical text. In the Golden guide, comparative illustrations are used to get across technical points without the necessity of having to read lengthy explanatory texts.

School and clubs groups will find the volumes of the Golden Nature Guide Series especially valuable and interest stimulating.

National Wildlife Week March 19-25, 1961

Theme: "Multiple Use — Balanced Conservation Planning for the Future."



A quick way to foster unity within any organization is to identify its members with colorful jacket insignia or caps. Especially is this true of hunting and fishing clubs, archery groups and various sportsmen's conservation organizations having field chapters.

For several months FWFT&T has been examining different lines of made-to-order embroidered emblems and caps, to find a product reflecting quality materials and good workmanship at reasonable unit cost.

Now being recommended are the emblem and cap creations of the Dallas Uniform Cap and Emblem Company, 2930 Main Street, Dallas 26, Texas, the largest producer and manufacturer of embroidered emblems in the United States.

The firm not only makes uniform identification and individual name emblems for more than 200 national brands—like Buick, Ford, Westinghouse, Borden, Coca-Cola, Standard Oil, Firestone and other franchised products—but manufactures countless thousands of specially designed emblems for clubs, schools and colleges, law enforcement agencies, hotels, camps and other small scale users.

No matter what your idea of an embroidered emblem happens to be, FWFT&T believes the Dallas firm can make it up for you in desired size in any color combination needed, guaranteed to be 100% washable.

In caps, the company manufactures frame and flat types uniform and service caps, baseball and golf caps and a variety of band caps of serge, flannel, rayon, denim, leather or plastic materials—with or without linings and/or braid trim.

If your club needs the beneficial advertising and unity that comes from the use of identifying insignia by its members, then FWFT&T urges you to submit your design ideas to the firm for price quotation. Officials and special committees of large groups should request a copy of the firm's colorful, profusely illustrated catalog illustrating hundreds of emblem styles and approximately a hundred different styles of caps.

FISHING

(Continued from Page 7)

triguing idea for competitive fishermen addicted to dainty tackle.

Luke Gorham told me of the idea. Don't remember if it was original with him or not. Luke said the idea is to catch a fish that weighs ten times the test of the line used and thus gain membership in what would prove to be a pretty exclusive group.

I wasn't very impressed until I did a little mental arithmetic and began to think in terms of a 10-pound bass on 1-pound line—a 100-pound tarpon on 10-pound line—a 2-pound speckled perch on a—wup!—couldn't even cast with that.

I've never scored against those odds and I'll bet you haven't either.

Let Him Die?

Habit can be foolishly powerful and our feelings toward fish and game can be hard to explain. For example, I was once involved in a near-auto accident out in Nevada because the driver of our car made a violent swerve to miss a jack-rabbit.

The snapper to the story is that we were returning from a jackrabbit hunt during which we had been trying to kill as many as possible with high-powered rifles. They had become pests in the area.

Same type of thing happens to me when I fish in an area where fish management people urge that all fish be kept rather than returned to the water. Even though the water may be over-populated and I realize the wisdom of thinning it out, I carefully return the fish I catch.

The other day I was fishing in a creek over-populated by gars. I caught one and turned him loose, whereupon my companion bawled me out for not killing old toothy. I had no answer. The truth is that I would gladly help kill a few thousand of the gars in that particular spot but felt no animosity toward the one individual. When the gar put it on a personal basis, I got chicken.

Here To Stay

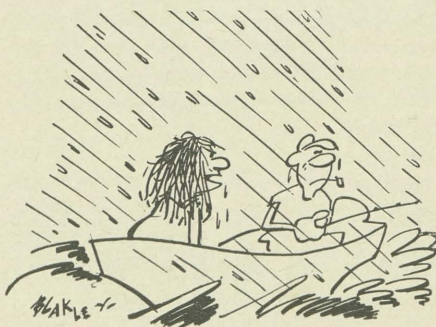
Within my lifetime, hundreds of fishing lures have zoomed to immense popularity only to disappear just as suddenly. Many of them were wondrous fish catchers but, for some reason, the fish simply turned against them. I can think of several that have completed their cycle within the past five years and I cannot explain why a new generation of bass scorns what their parents loved.

However, within the past 15 years several "standards" have been developed and seem likely to be with us from now on. One is the plastic worm or eel that continues to be a bass killer in fresh water. I don't care for that one because I don't like to fish that way—and I'm not very good at it.

Another is the jig used in fresh water all over the country. It's still a jig, even though called a multitude of names in various sections. Of course, it's an old timer to salt water.

Perhaps a partial explanation of these new baits is that they have been primarily used on spinning tackle—and spinning is a post-World War II habit. And spinning is here to stay if you haven't already guessed it.

Even in the less flamboyant world of fresh water trout fly fishing there have been some innovations that stayed. One is the "Muddler Minnow" (a pattern, not a trade name) that has been spectacularly successful for several years. It is made of deer hair and some other odds and ends, looks like nothing and a little like everything and is fished both



"Tell me again how much fun we're having; I keep forgetting."

wet and dry. I caught a 4-pound brown trout in Montana's Madison on one. I also found it would catch Florida bass and bream although it seemed no better than a lot of other bugs and flies in that field.

Push Pole Acrobatics

Like the bush pilot who constantly has an emergency landing spot in mind, the operator of a push-pole should do a little advance planning.

You can get hurt with a dogged push-pole. I've seen a couple of bad falls by pushers and one of them occurred over eight inches of water with a rock bottom—in the Keys.

Most common causes are the pole slipping on hard bottom or sticking on soft bottom. In both cases a wetting is better than a bruising or breaking. If you feel you're going, it's probably better to jump into the water than fall into it. Falling across the gunwale can cause serious injury and certainly falling on a rock covered by scant inches of water is just as bad.

A fisherman who is casting while a companion poles should remember that a boat often travels with abrupt movements when being poled. He should have room for his feet if he's standing and should be in a position where he won't fall on something too damaging if he *does* lose his balance.

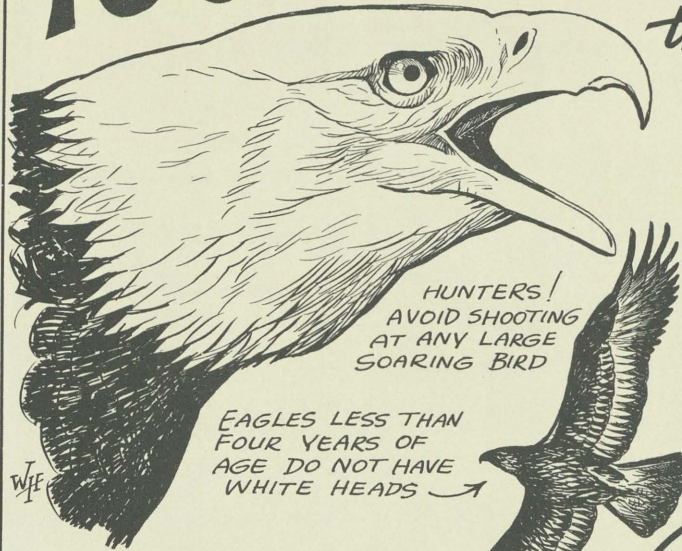
Shad Variety

I'm not going into detail about the trolling rigs for shad as I've covered them in the past and you can get a first-hand look at them at any fishing camp from which you launch your expedition. They work so well that most shad-seekers simply troll and let it go at that. However, they miss a good bet in not casting for shad with spinning equipment. After locating a concentration of fish by trolling, you can frequently have a lot of fun casting—and sometimes that method is doubly productive because you aren't wasting time trolling and turning over unproductive water. There is one disadvantage. There's often so much trolling traffic you get in the way with your casting. ●

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YOU CAN HELP SAVE OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM the BALD EAGLE

FROM POSSIBLE EXTINCTION!



HUNTERS!
AVOID SHOOTING
AT ANY LARGE
SOARING BIRD

EAGLES LESS THAN
FOUR YEARS OF
AGE DO NOT HAVE
WHITE HEADS

ILLEGAL SHOOTING
AND CUTTING
OF NESTING TREES
HAVE CAUSED AN
ALARMING
DECREASE IN
EAGLE NUMBERS
IN RECENT
YEARS!

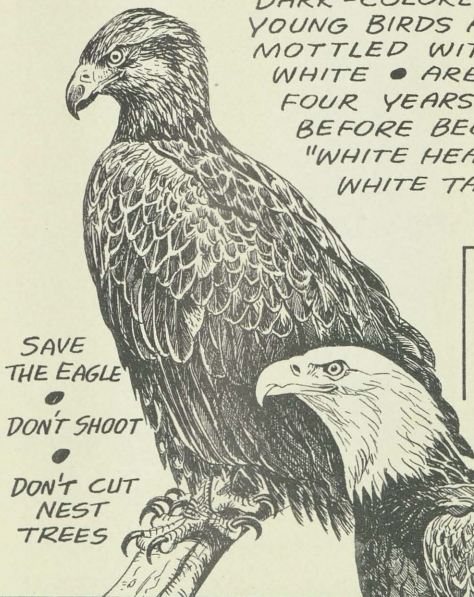
- HELP PRESERVE EAGLE NESTING SITES
- DO NOT SHOOT OR MOLEST EAGLES and URGE OTHERS NOT TO
- EAGLES ARE PROTECTED BY FEDERAL AND STATE LAWS • REPORT VIOLATIONS TO YOUR LOCAL WILDLIFE OFFICER

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YOUNG BIRDS ARE
MOTTLED WITH
WHITE • ARE
FOUR YEARS OLD
BEFORE BECOMING
"WHITE HEADED and
WHITE TAILED"

KNOW YOUR
FLORIDA
WILDLIFE

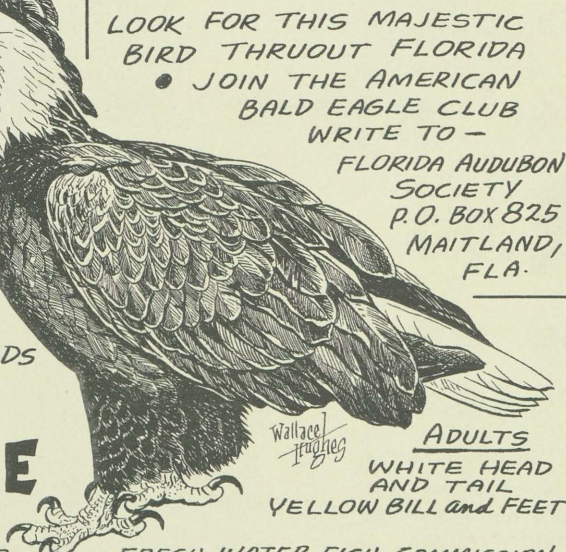


SAVE
THE EAGLE
●
DON'T SHOOT
●
DON'T CUT
NEST
TREES

AVERAGE WINGSPREAD
OF THE EAGLE IS 7 FEET
● WEIGHT 13 POUNDS ●
LOOK FOR THIS MAJESTIC
BIRD THRUOUT FLORIDA
● JOIN THE AMERICAN
BALD EAGLE CLUB
WRITE TO -

FLORIDA AUDUBON
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NOW LOW IN NUMBER -
FLORIDA IS ONE OF
THE LAST STRONGHOLDS
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EMBLEM - THE
BALD EAGLE



Wallace
Truitt

ADULTS
WHITE HEAD
AND TAIL
YELLOW BILL and FEET

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

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Otter Dines On Frog

Photo By Leonard Lee Rue III

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